

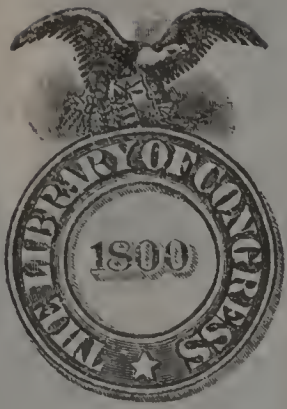
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# Jimmy Rides The China Clipper



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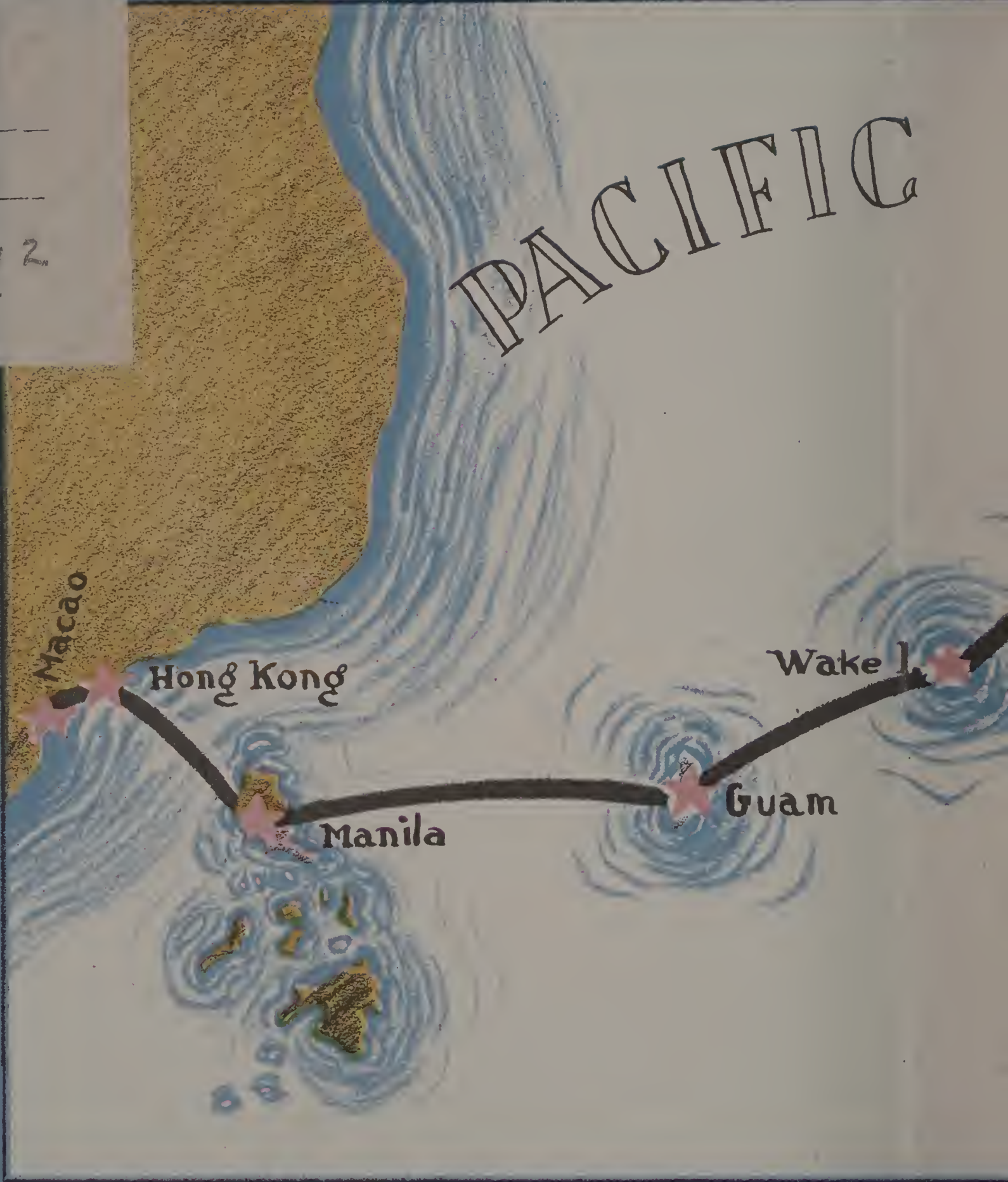
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# PACIFIC



Macao

Hong Kong

Manila

Guam

Wake I.

OCEAN

LINE

Midway

Honolulu

San Francisco

ROUTE OF  
FLYING CLIPPER SHIPS  
TO CHINA

DATE

INTERNATIONAL



TIMMY RIDES  
THE  
CHINA CLIPPER





*He firmly resolved to return and uncover that treasure for himself*

# TIMMY RIDES THE CHINA CLIPPER

Story and Pictures by  
CAROL NAY

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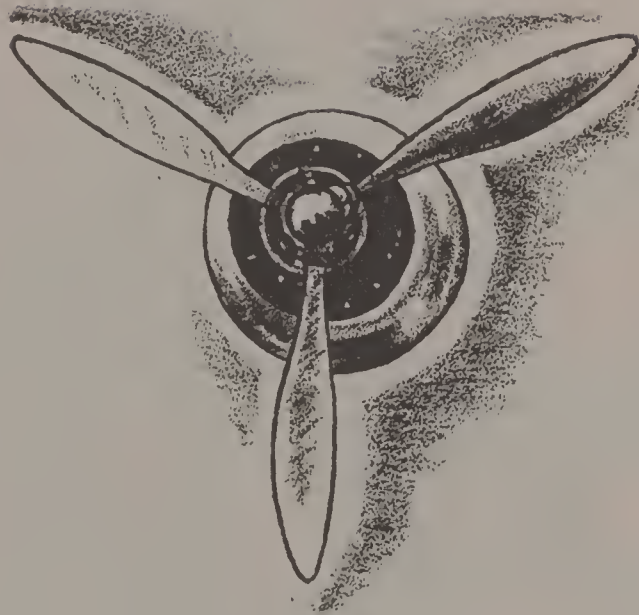


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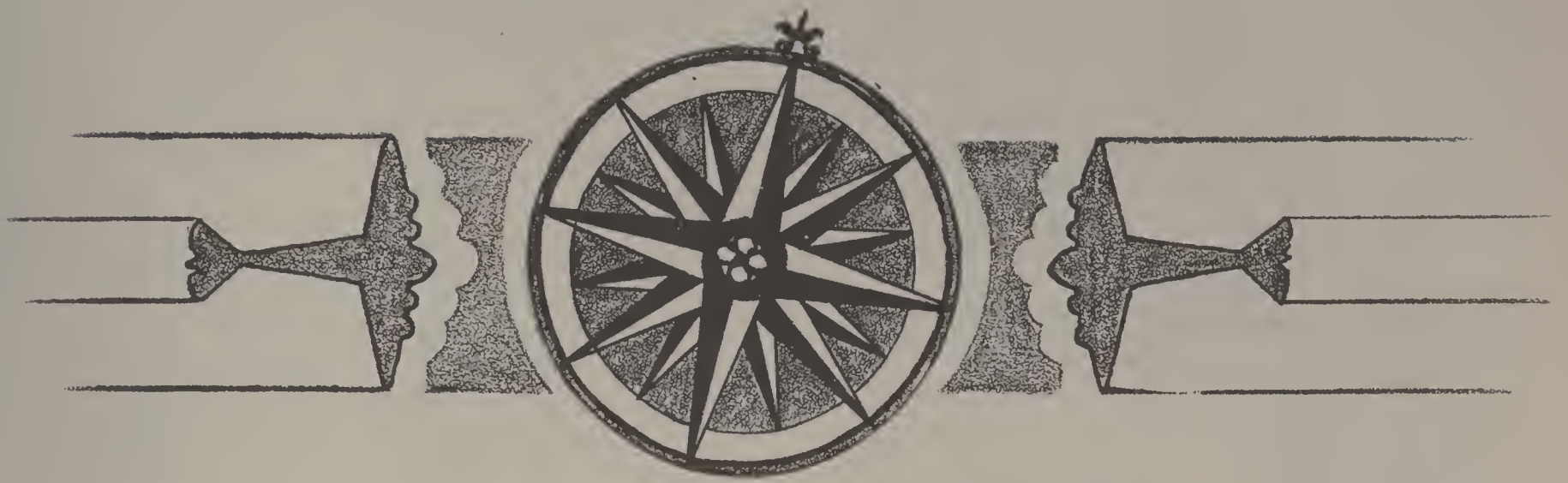
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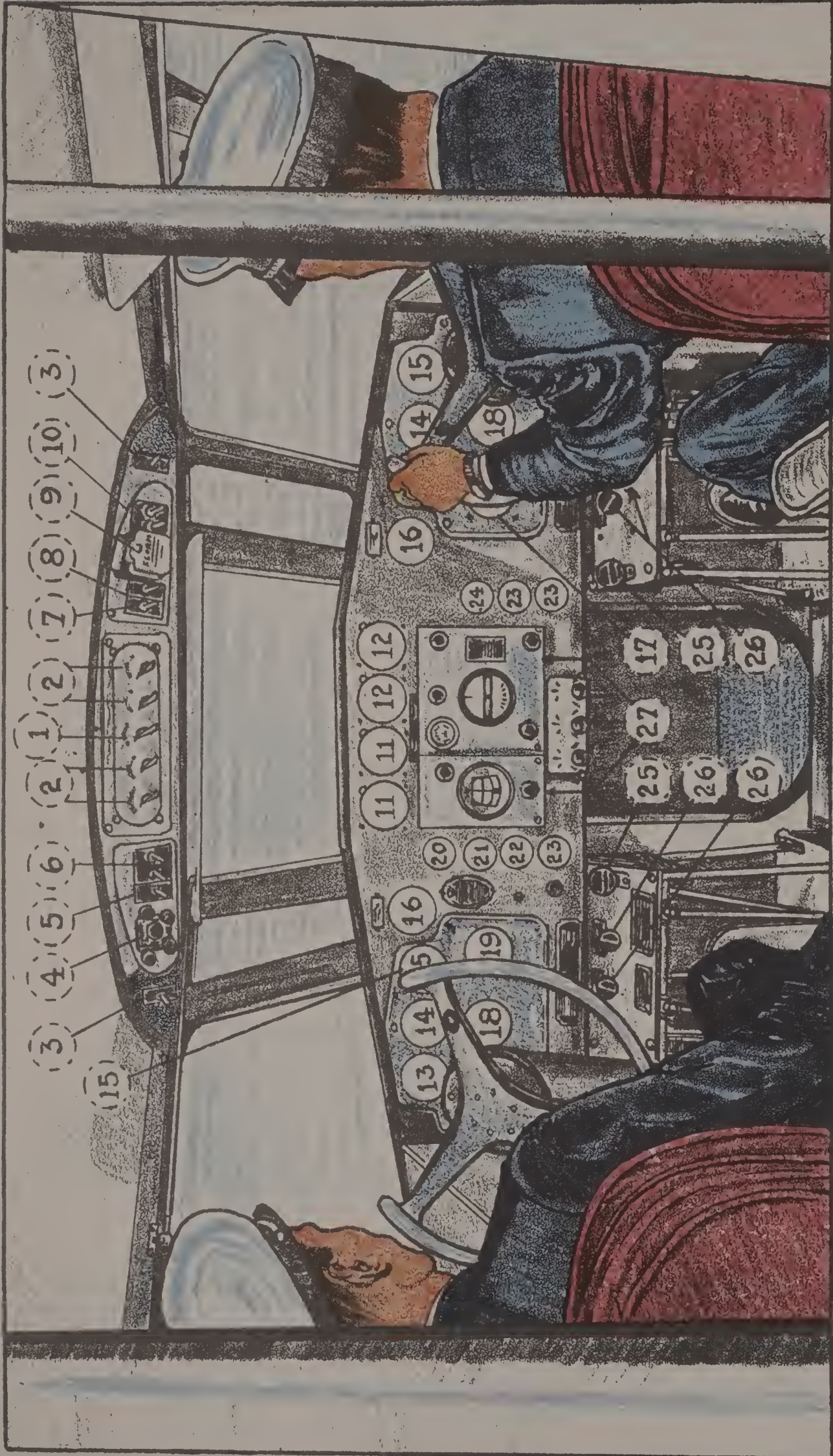
## FOREWORD

In writing this book on the trail of the Clipper Ships flying to the Orient, the author wishes to explain that the plane about which the story revolves is not technically the China Clipper, but the new Boeing California Clipper which also makes the trip to China for Pan American Airways System.

The author also wishes to acknowledge the co-operation of Mr. Francis Walton, Director of the Public Relations Bureau of Pan American Airways System and other members of the personnel for access to bulletins, charts, photographs, and personal experiences which aided in making this story an authentic account of the flight across the Pacific Ocean.

To Marianne Miller and Frank Nay the author extends thanks for their aid on the manuscript and technical drawings.

C. N.



### INSTRUMENT PANEL

- |                                 |                                   |                             |  |
|---------------------------------|-----------------------------------|-----------------------------|--|
| 1. Master Ignition Switch       | 8. Taxi Light Switch              | 15. Rate of Climb Indicator | 23. Automatic Pilot Pressure Gauges    |
| 2. Individual Ignition Switches | 9. Emergency Landing Flare Switch | 16. Magnetic Compass        | 24. Air Temperature Indicator          |
| 3. Wing-flap Switches           | 10. Pilot Tube Switches           | 17. Artificial Horizon      | 25. Rudder Pedal Tilt Controls         |
| 4. Self-starting Switches       | 11. Manifold Pressure Gauges      | 18. Directional Gyro        | 26. Indirect Instrument Light Switches |
| 5. Instrument Light Switch      | 12. Tachometers                   | 19. Pressure Altimeter      | 27. Automatic Pilot Assembly           |
| 6. Landing Light Switch         | 13. Air Speed Indicator           | 20. Suction Gauge           |  |
| 7. Navigation Light Switch      | 14. Turn and Bank Indicator       | 21. Clock                   |  |
|                                 |                                   | 22. Wing-flap Indicator     |  |



## CHAPTER I

### TIMMY BEGINS HIS FLIGHT

**N**OT long ago, a giant silver bird was hatched from a great factory shell in the Pacific Northwest. All shining and new, it spread its wings and rose like an albatross into a sun-splashed sky. Due south toward California it winged its way. As its motors roared overhead, men paused in their labors to watch this new monarch of the skies speed majestically along its course.

“There goes the largest passenger plane in the world!” they said with pride.

Soon the swift flight into the southland came to an end. Now the jagged fingers of San Francisco Bay gripped the land below, and the great ship began to descend. Slowly it cruised above the Golden Gate, above the network of ships and bridges, until it dipped its nose into the blue waters beside the spires of Treasure Island.

Here, at one of the finest air-marine terminals ever built, men of Pan American Airways System welcomed their new Clipper Ship with joy. Its coming marked a new era in aviation. Now oceans could be spanned with a comfort and a safety hitherto unknown.

On a Wednesday afternoon in mid-December, a young boy stood in the door of the Pan American terminal on Treasure Island. His eyes glistened with excitement as he watched men load the Clipper Ship that lay anchored in The Port of Trade Winds Lagoon. Soon these great wings spreading before him would be carrying a cargo of men and mail across the sea to China. And he, Timmy Blake, would be a part of that cargo!

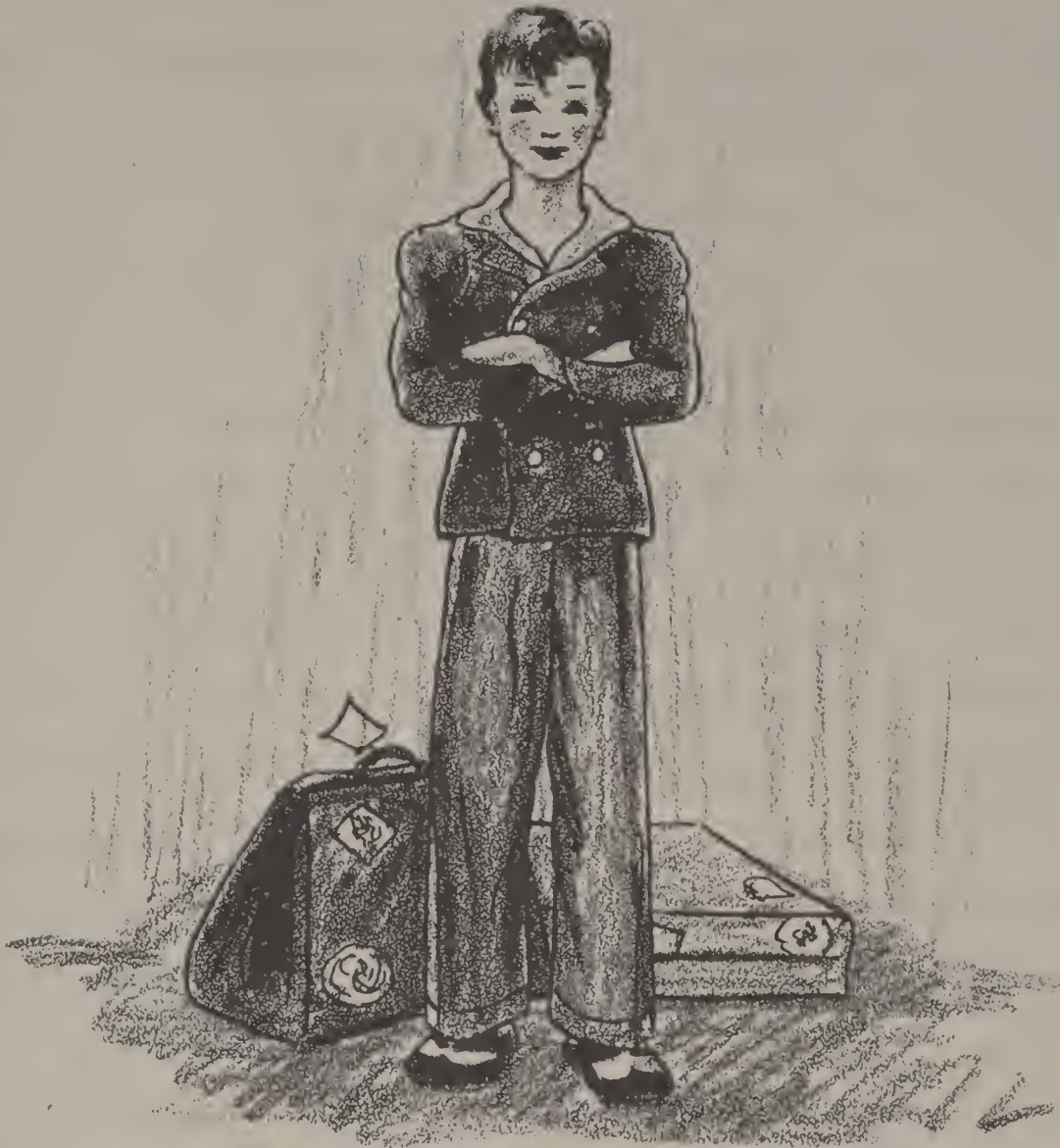
He was going to spend Christmas with his Aunt Kate and Uncle George in far-off Hong Kong. Far-off, indeed! Did it not take ocean liners many weeks to reach the Orient? Yet, in this Clipper Ship, China lay west only six days away.

So lost was Timmy in his thoughts that he scarcely felt a uniformed man tap his shoulder and say briskly, "Timmy Blake? Come this way, please. We have to weigh you in before you go aboard."

Timmy followed and stepped up on the scales. Eagerly he turned toward his father and mother who now stood beside him. He forced a laugh to down the little fear that rose at the thought of leaving his parents behind. "I weigh ninety pounds, Dad," he said bravely. "It won't be long 'til I'll be as heavy as you."

"Still, you are the lightest passenger on the Clipper Ship," replied his father. "How does this sound: ninety pounds of boy with seventy-seven pounds of baggage bound for China on a forty-one and one-half ton plane?"

"Like the chance of a lifetime," murmured Timmy's mother



wistfully. "Few boys have an aunt and uncle to send them a ticket to fly all the way to China. I wish I were going along."

Mrs. Blake studied her young son with pride. Then she smiled. He seemed so grown-up and manly as he stood there in his new blue sport jacket and gray slacks. Timmy was a tall youth for his age, with bright blue eyes and a mop of tumbled brown hair which he now brushed from his forehead. His mother drew him to her side and pressed his head against her shoulder. "We're going to miss you, Timmy," she said softly. "This will be your first Christmas away from home. But I know you are going to have the most wonderful trip in the world."

Now the crew began to assemble and suddenly a bell echoed loudly through the terminal. The time of departure was quickly drawing near. There was a stir among the passengers who looked with eager faces through the door. Presently the Captain and

his crew of eleven filed down the landing to board the waiting ship. A moment later the great bird began to tremble with life as the roar of its four motors pierced the stillness.

Then the bell rang twice, and the terminal door was opened for the passengers to file down to the ship. Timmy's heart began to pound with excitement. He kissed his mother and father good-bye and hurried down the landing. What a never-to-be-forgotten thrill he felt as he stepped briskly onto the float and waited his turn with his fellow passengers to cross the gangplank.

And how small he seemed, standing before that enormous streamlined plane. How gigantic it loomed, poised and ready for its long flight. His blue eyes widened in awe as his gaze followed the spread of the great wings from tip to tip, a distance of one hundred and fifty-two feet. These wings being of a cantilever type, eliminate the necessity of exterior spars and struts.

Then Timmy's eyes covered the size of the hull which is constructed in three decks. The Captain and his crew control the plane from the upper deck, the passengers occupy the middle deck, while the gasoline pumps fill the small bottom deck.

The entire plane is built of metal, chiefly aluminum alloy. Near the center of the ship, the construction is steel to insure strength and safety. The hydro-stabilizer now under Timmy's feet as he approached the open hatch serves also as a fuel tank. There is one on each side of the ship.

Upon entering the hull, Timmy descended three steps into a large dining room and recreation center. From there a steward led him to a compartment and bade him to be seated.

"We fasten your safety belt for all take-offs and landings," he explained as he deftly adjusted the straps. "Merely a regulation. No danger."

As other passengers entered his compartment, Timmy was

too occupied to heed them. Through the window he stared at the crowd behind the wire fence of the terminal yard. Dimly he could see his parents in the foreground and he waved gaily, hoping that they could see him.

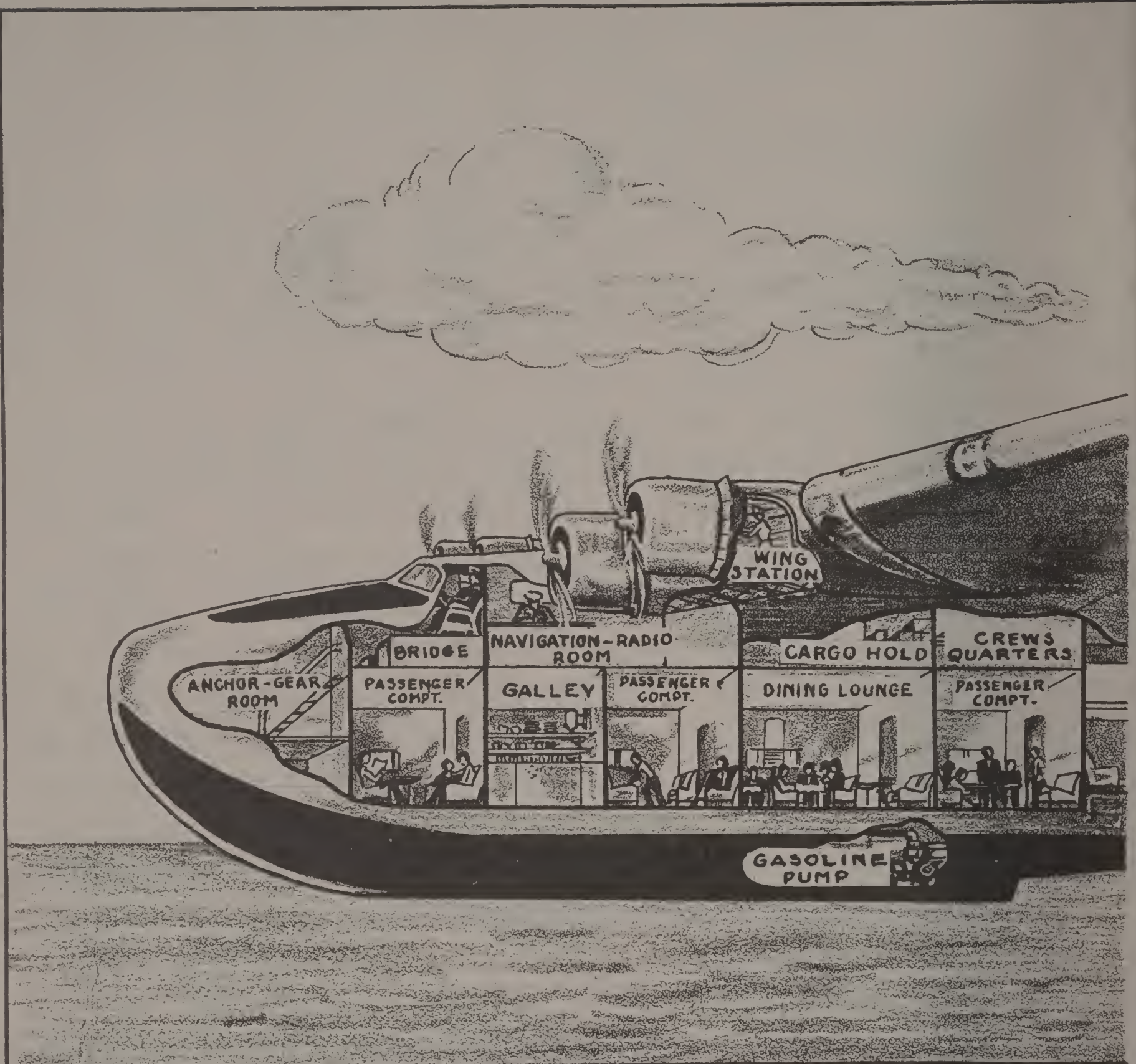
Somewhere near a clock struck four, and immediately the ship began to move slowly from the landing and head up the bay. For forty-five seconds it skimmed the waves as it gained speed. Then with a terrific roar, it shook off the clutch of the sea and rose gracefully into the air.

Up! Up, it soared, until the Golden Gate and the brown California hills resembled a relief map in the background. Soon the coastline was lost to view in the blue haze of the winter afternoon. Timmy now found himself in a new world that was strangely beautiful to behold; a world of rippling sea and misty sky as far as his wondering eyes could reach.

At last he turned from the window and began to study his surroundings. There were ten passengers in his compartment, all resting easily in their davenport-like seats. On the starboard side, his companions were seated on a pair of triple seats which faced each other. On the port side, there were double seats in the same position. The upholstery was a soft tan wool with leather trimmings that contrasted pleasantly with the green carpet and lighter green walls.

Occasionally a passenger sent a curious glance in Timmy's direction which made the boy shift awkwardly in his seat. He felt suddenly shy and uncomfortable until a young woman opposite him smiled pleasantly and asked his name. Her own, Timmy learned, was Jane Lee, and she was to draw sketches of the trip for a San Francisco magazine.

"I'll sketch everything you want me to," she offered. "That is, excepting bats and rats and spiders!"



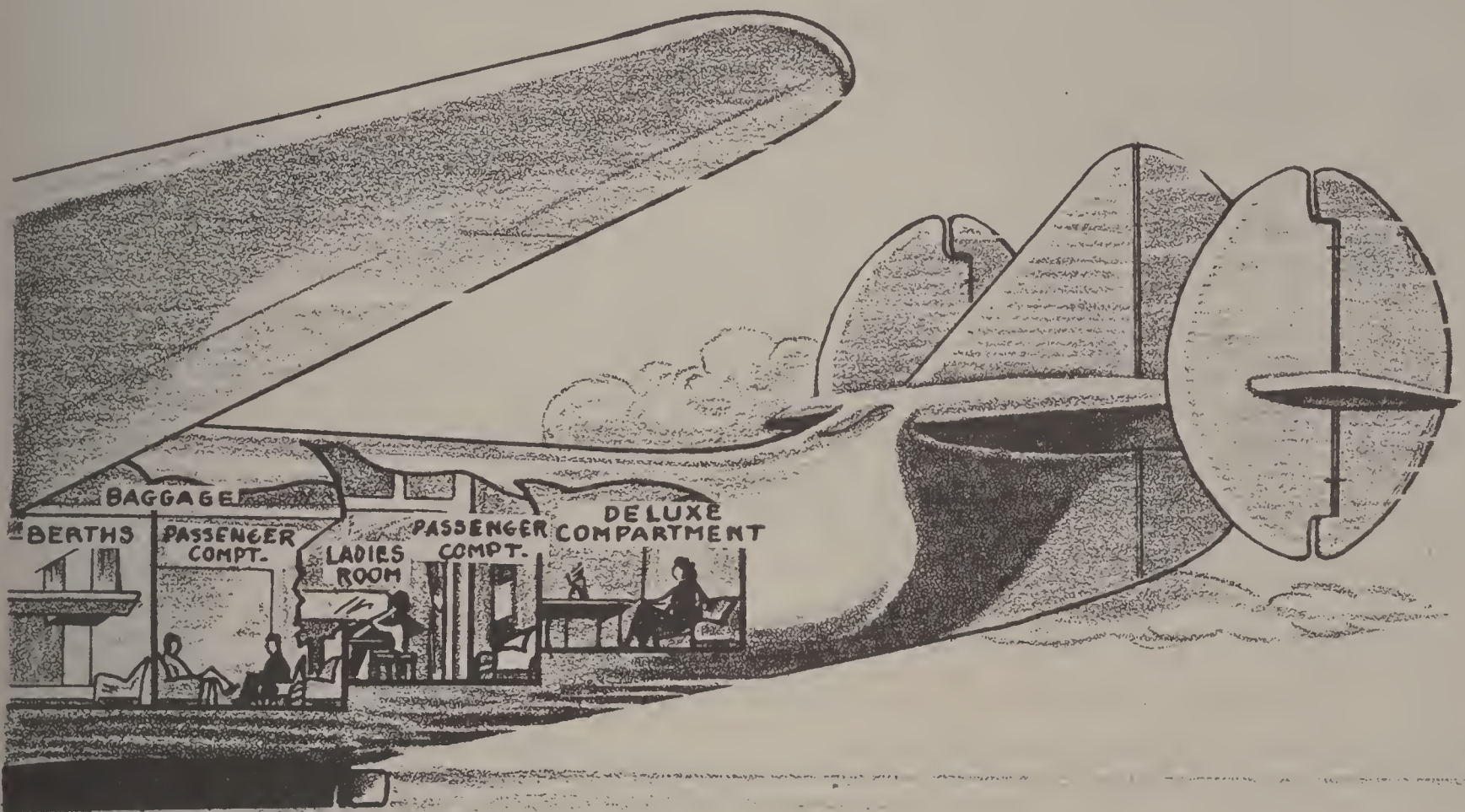
COURTESY P.A.A.

### INTERIOR OF CLIPPER SHIP

The 86,000-pound Clipper Ship is constructed in three decks. In the bow of the plane is the Anchor and Gear Room. From here a gangway leads to the Bridge above where two pilots handle the controls of the ship. Back of the Bridge is the Navigation and Radio Room where the Radio Officer, Navigation Officer, and Flight Engineer direct their instruments. Just behind is the Captain's desk and chairs. Behind this is the Cargo Hold and Crew's Quarters.

The passenger deck is divided into nine separate sections. Five of them are standard passenger compartments and the sixth is a half-size compartment. The central section is a large





room which may be alternately furnished either as a lounge or dining saloon. The aftmost section is a de luxe compartment. The galley and men's dressing rooms are across the hall from each other in the forward end of the deck. The women's room is in the rear. Rooms on the passenger deck are square-walled.

At the bottom of the plane, pumps force gasoline stored in the sponsons up into the wing tanks and engines.

On the very top of the plane is the Observation Turret, or Blister, from which the Ship's position is checked by sun and stars.

Timmy liked Miss Lee. She had warm brown eyes and a wealth of copper-colored hair. It would be fun to watch her draw on that white sketch pad she held between her slender fingers.

Presently a steward in a smart blue uniform entered the door and approached Timmy. "Well, young man, are you enjoying your trip?"

"You bet I am!" cried Timmy enthusiastically. "How high are we flying right now, sir?"

"About eight thousand feet. And we're cruising along at one hundred and fifty odd miles an hour."

"Wow!" cried Timmy in amazement. "Are we going that fast?"

"Yes, that's about average speed," laughed the steward, "but it will get us to Honolulu by tomorrow morning." He paused, then added, "I am Mr. Barton, the Flight Steward. If there is anything you or the others wish, just let me know."

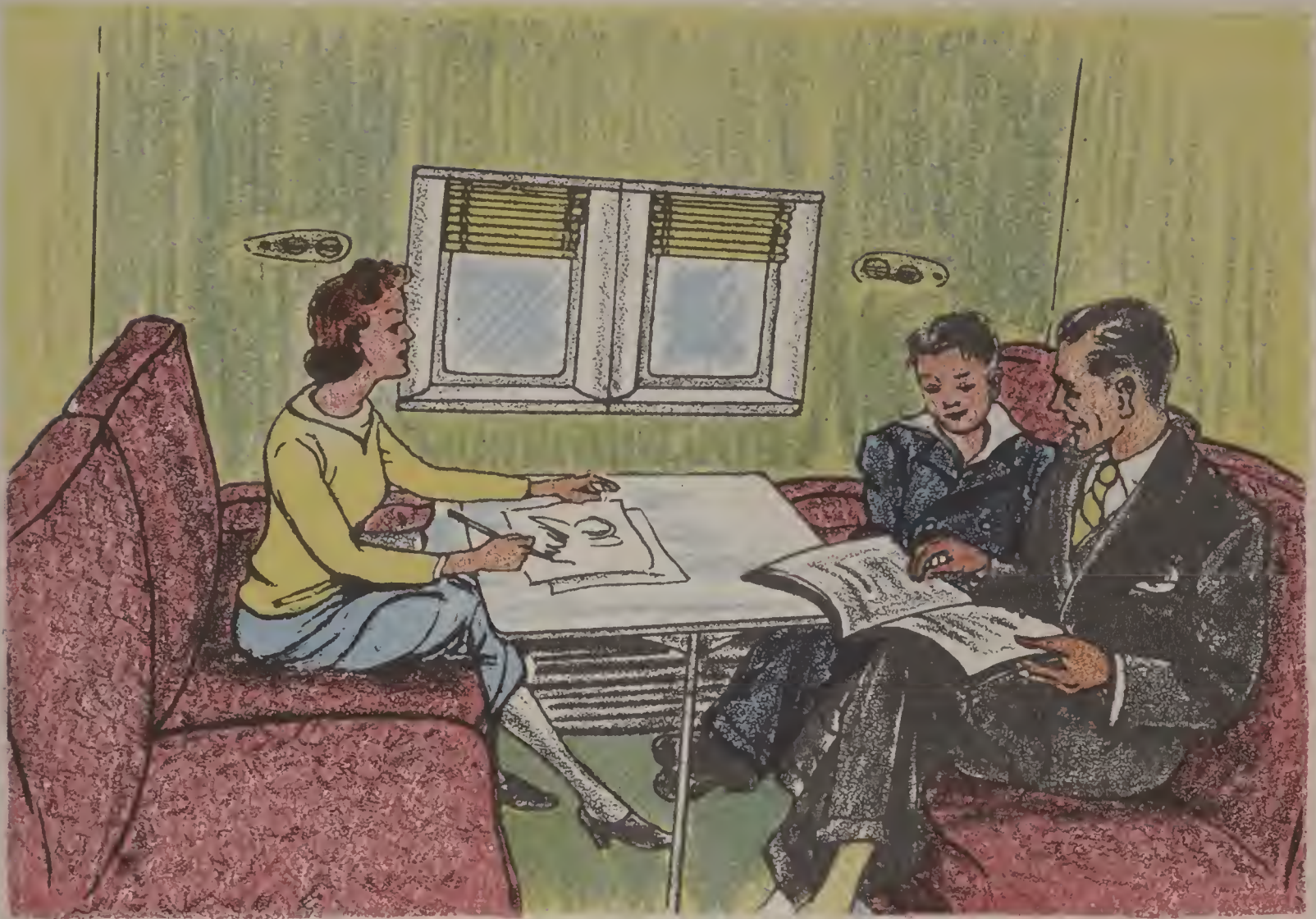
"Thank you, Mr. Barton," murmured Jane Lee graciously.

Mr. Barton started to leave the compartment, but suddenly he returned and spoke to Timmy. "Suppose I show you through the ship now, so that you'll be familiar with your home for the next few days."

The boy rose quickly, followed by Jane Lee who cried: "I want to see it, too."

"And I," echoed a pleasant-looking man who had been watching the group with interest. He rose and introduced himself as Mr. Lang, an engineer on his way to Guam to work for the United States Government.

The trio followed Mr. Barton to the rear of the ship. Here they entered a most attractive deluxe compartment with bright blue upholstered furnishings, a built-in love seat, odd tables, and a large easy chair. A prominent actor and his wife occupied the



room now, and they invited the sight-seers to visit them again.

Mr. Barton then proceeded to lead them through a series of compartments like their own. "There are five of these large compartments and a sixth, which seats only four persons, in addition to the large dining room that you saw when you came aboard," he explained. "The seats are converted into upper and lower berths on our night flight to Honolulu. Then we can sleep as many as thirty-four passengers. During the rest of the trip, however, we could carry as many as seventy-four on our list, besides the crew."

"When we leave Honolulu," asked Jane Lee, "the flights are made by daylight, are they not?"

"Yes," responded Mr. Barton, "from there on, the hops to Midway, Wake, Guam, Manila, and China are flown during the day. Of course, we spend the afternoon and night on shore at

each stop to rest and refuel. We carry also a valuable cargo of mail and air express which we leave at these ports. At this time of year, the mail is exceptionally heavy because of the Christmas season."

Now the group approached the main lounge and recreation room which serves also as a dining saloon when tables are placed between chairs for the meal service. All fourteen seats were occupied, and a low hum of conversation filled the room. Mr. Barton introduced his youngest passenger, and all were surprised to learn that Timmy was on his way to Hong Kong alone.

"Speaking of surprises," commented Jane Lee, "I think the most amazing feature of this ship is the utter stillness of these rooms. How did they ever muffle the sound of those four motors?"

"By sound-proofing the entire craft," responded Mr. Barton, running his hand quickly over the wall. "The mohair cloth is an important factor in the process. It is snapped to the walls, allowing the sound waves to pass right on through. You will scarcely believe that even on the control deck the crew can make themselves heard without raising their voices."

"The colors are nice on this ship," said Timmy, wishing to add something to the conversation.

"Aren't they beautiful!" added Jane Lee, enthusiastically. "I know the names of the new shades. First, there is the Skyline Green, that lovely soft color of the rug back in our compartment. Next, there is the Miami Sand, the silvery-tan color used on the walls in this room. Then, of course, the Pan American Airways Blue is one of the most famous shades of all."

"Right-o," said Mr. Barton approvingly. "The company selected all their colors with a great deal of thought. The tones had to be sufficiently bright to reflect light, yet not too bright because of the blinding glare above the clouds."



Now he opened a door and led the little group into a spotless kitchen. "This is the galley where my assistant and I prepare the meals and refreshments. It is completely equipped even to a refrigerator and steam table."

"I smell something good," said Timmy. "What are we going to have for dinner?"

"A full course dinner," Mr. Barton assured him, "and plenty of ice cream just for you."

Timmy stared about the galley. "But how are you going to cook everything?" he asked puzzled.

"Dinner is brought aboard already cooked," answered the Flight Steward. "All we do is to heat it up and help serve it. The food is kept warm in that cabinet by hot air discharged from one of the motors."

"What about breakfast?" asked Timmy eagerly.

Everyone laughed at this, and Mr. Barton continued: "You may have two breakfasts, Timmy, if you can hold them. One aboard the plane, and if you wish a later one at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel in Honolulu."

Mr. Lang picked up a menu of the dinner to be served later. "It's amazing to think how fast we travel when we consider the distance by meals instead of miles," he mused. "Had we gone to Honolulu by boat, we should have eaten at least fifteen meals. By air, we eat only two!"

Suddenly Timmy Blake began to realize what a great distance they were spanning so easily on this overnight flight to Hawaii. Why, tomorrow when the sun rose, he would be 2400 miles away from his California home. It seemed unbelievable!

Finally he asked, "What time do we land in the morning?"

"By nine o'clock California time, but we gain two and a half hours flying west. This brings us into Honolulu at six-thirty in the morning. The time changes four minutes every degree on the map. However, we fly so fast that we need not set our watches back until morning."

Mr. Lang said, "According to figures, I see that we will travel twenty-four hundred miles at one hundred and fifty miles an hour in sixteen hours!"

Mr. Barton was much amused by this brief, clear-cut picture of the present flight. Beckoning to the three passengers, he led them into a hall which separated the galley from the men's room. Here he revealed to them an inter-phone by which he could communicate with officers on the control deck. In addition to this, he also showed them a panel with signal lights that were connected to many call buttons throughout the plane. The stairway nearby, Timmy learned, led to the control room, the cargo holds, and the crews' quarters.

“As complete in detail as a first-class hotel,” commented Mr. Lang. “I hear that you even have thermostatic control of your furnaces.”

“Yes, we do, only our furnaces happen to be the exhaust from two of our motors. For that matter, one motor alone can supply enough heat to warm the entire ship.”

At this moment, Jane Lee turned and called attention to the brilliant sunset where color seemed to drip from the sky like paint from her own artist’s brush. Flame-tipped clouds rolled below them in the path of the crimson sun.

Timmy caught his breath and whistled. With his head against the window, he watched the sunset fade away into a smoldering twilight. Mr. Barton tapped his shoulder and led them all back into the lounge. “You will have to amuse yourselves for a while now,” he said, switching on the dome-lights in the ceiling. “I must do something to satisfy that hungry look you have worn since you first scanned our bill of fare.”

Jane Lee suggested a game of checkers to which the others agreed unanimously. Most of the passengers were in a deep study over their bridge or backgammon games. But, still bewildered by the novelty of the giant ship, Timmy found it hard to keep his thoughts from straying. Presently he left the table and wandered back to the galley where Mr. Barton and his assistant were preparing dinner.

“Just what would happen if our motors should stop on us right now?” Timmy inquired, trying to keep out of the way.

Mr. Barton smiled reassuringly, “Hasn’t anyone told you how far we can coast with our motors shut off? There is very little danger, Timmy, because we contact ships by radio during the entire trip. In case of emergency, we would order a ship to stand by while we landed on the lee side.”

“But supposing we should run out of gas?”

“That would be practically impossible. We carry enough fuel to fly us five thousand miles. The distance to Hawaii is less than half that. Even if our radio were to fail us, we could still find our way. Every one of our officers is a skilled navigator as well as aviator. Our position would be determined by the sun or stars just as sailors would do. These Clipper Ships, Timmy, in reality are flying boats.”

Mr. Barton walked over to the galley window and looked out. Now the sun had dropped below the rim of the ocean and all that remained was a thin margin of gold. Suddenly he called to Timmy. “Speaking of boats,” he said, “we will pass one on our port side very soon.”

Timmy raced back to the lounge to announce the news to Jane Lee and Mr. Lang. As the word spread quickly through the plane, the passengers gathered at the windows to view the approaching ship. Timmy raised the venetian blinds so that everyone could see out. Gracefully then the Clipper Ship swooped low to salute the vessel. By now, long searchlights from the vessel's deck swept the skies in blazing streaks.

“Watch closely, Timmy,” said Mr. Barton.

Obedying, Timmy saw the lights of the Clipper Ship flash off and on to signal the liner below. The lights of the vessel flashed quickly in return, and its searchlights played brilliantly across the wings of the Clipper Ship.

Timmy pressed his warm face against the window and stared into the darkening night until the lights were no longer visible.

Presently dinner was served, and he ate his savory meal with a keen appetite. When he had finished, he took a seat by the window and watched a pale winter moon creep slowly into the eastern sky. A few straggling wisps of cloud glowed in the



faint light like puffs of cotton. He closed his tired eyes to listen to the soft hum of the motors outside, and soon dozed off to sleep in his chair.

A few minutes later, Mr. Barton roused him and led him to his made-up berth. Timmy crept in wearily and began to undress behind the dark blue curtains, taking care to hang his clothes on the convenient clothes rack. Snugly tucked under the fluffy blue blankets, he took a small black book from his bag and began to write the log of his first day of travel. Finished, he lay back upon his pillow and soon fell fast asleep.

## LOG BOOK

SHIP: China Clipper, bound for China.

POSITION: Mid-Pacific Ocean, 8000 feet high.

TIME: 9:45 P.M.

WITNESS: Timmy Blake, San Francisco, California.

COMMENTS:

Weather is clear and moonlight. I think this Clipper Ship is the most wonderful plane I have ever seen. I want to be a Pilot some day. It takes about six years to be a good Pilot.

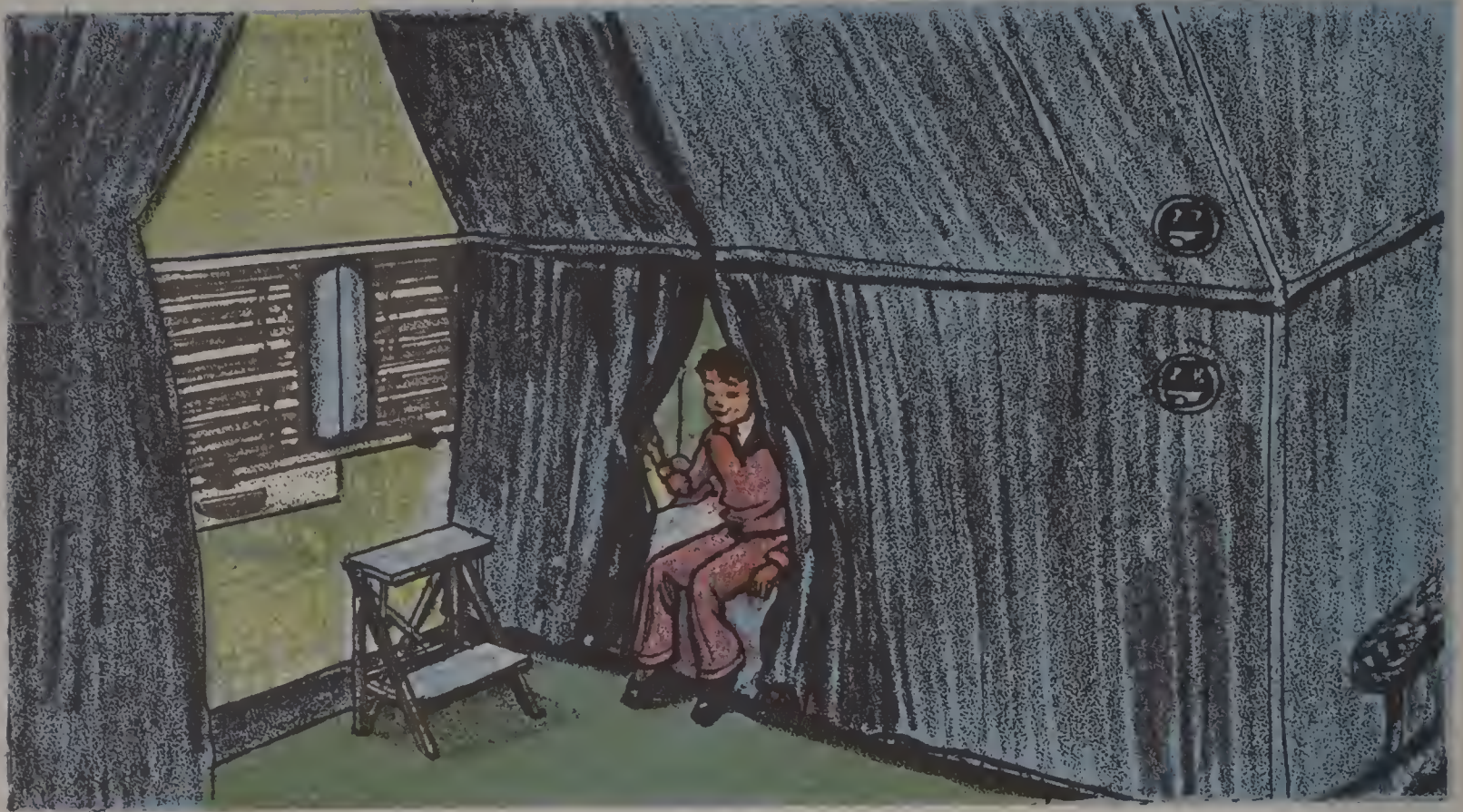
I wonder what Mother and Dad are thinking tonight? If they could only see me now! Everyone is nice to me. I sure do like Miss Lee and Mr. Lang and Mr. Barton. Mr. Barton has promised a surprise on the way to Midway. He says I am going to do something that no one else is allowed to do. Wonder what it is?

There are lots of nice people on board. That tall man with a beard looks like an explorer or something. Another man with a very pretty wife told me he had flown to China three times already. He said I will like Midway and Wake Islands. I can spear fish under water and everything out there.

I'm too tired to write any more. Ahoy for Honolulu in the morning.

T. Blake

DATE: December 17th. Wednesday.



## CHAPTER II

### A DAY IN HAWAII

The first rays of the morning sun bathed the Clipper Ship in a shower of molten gold. It was nearing Hawaii now. Timmy awoke to the same muffled drone of motors overhead that had lulled him to sleep the night before. He arose quickly and dressed. Then he stole softly through the compartments, taking care not to arouse the other passengers who were sleeping behind the long line of blue curtains. To his delight he found Mr. Barton already in the galley preparing breakfast.

"Hello, Timmy," he greeted cheerily. "How did you enjoy your first night in the air?"

"I didn't wake up once," returned the young passenger, grinning. Eagerly he reached for a glass of milk that Mr. Barton held toward him.

"I suppose that you are wondering when we'll first sight land," the Flight Steward remarked. "According to the navigator we should sight Maui in about ten minutes."

"Which island is Maui?" asked Timmy, frankly puzzled.

Mr. Barton pursed his lips. "Someone's geography needs brushing up," he said. "Come into the lounge and we'll find a map that will show you exactly where we are going."

Reaching the lounge, Mr. Barton took the map and began an interesting little talk about the islands they would soon see. "This is a map of the Hawaiian group," he explained. "When you study it, you will see that it is dotted with a number of islands, small and large. All of them were formed by volcanic eruption. Most of the volcanoes are dead, but a few remain still active and flare up occasionally."

"Will I really see a volcano?" asked Tommy excitedly.

"I'm afraid not, Timmy. Unfortunately, we don't stop at the Island of Hawaii where Kilauea, the largest volcano in the world, is located. Our landing base is on the island of Oahu. Perhaps I'll be able to point out a few dead craters as we fly by."

Timmy studied the map carefully in an effort to locate the islands. But his tongue failed him when he struggled to pronounce the names of the five largest. The greatest in size, he learned, is Hawaii. Above that are Maui, Molokai, Oahu, and Kauai. Honolulu, the landing port, is on Oahu.

As the conversation went on, many of the other passengers drifted into the lounge. Soon a light breakfast was served which they ate slowly while gazing out the windows. Mr. Lang was the first to sight Maui, a vague dark speck in the blue haze of distance. But the dark speck quickly grew in size to a brown mountain glued to the ocean floor.

Now the passengers began to gather in eager little groups. Jane Lee clutched Timmy's arm and drew him again to the window to view the wide stretch of sun-swept sea, brown mountain peaks, and brilliant sky.

Presently two other small specks loomed on the horizon; brown specks that grew rapidly in size. As the plane approached Oahu, the ocean began to pale in color. Timmy watched the shadow of the plane below in fascination. Persistently it followed him from sea to land in a vain race to catch up.

Now spreading beneath were dense groves of trees that shaded quaint native homes. Mr. Barton pointed out the distant Makapu Lighthouse and the Radio Station which had kept in touch with them continually throughout the night.

“And there is Diamond Head, that long dark point jutting out into the sea, Timmy,” he said. “It was once a volcano, but now it is filled with earth. The United States Army has a fortress there. That other formation to the east is Punch Bowl, another extinct volcano. Recently an athletic field was built in the center.”

Mr. Barton glanced at his watch. “If anyone has forgotten to set back his watch, he had better do so now,” he announced. “We have gained two and a half hours, which makes the time just 6:23 A.M.”

On flew the Clipper Ship, over the beautiful city of Honolulu with its long avenues of trees; over the ship-filled bay, and down into the quiet waters of Pearl Harbor. Lightly it came to rest as the bow merged into the shadow which had at last overtaken it.

The first leg of the flight had ended.

Soon the passengers were going ashore. Timmy was burning with excitement, his young heart thrilled by the shouts of happy people milling about the shore so early in the morning. Bronze-skinned natives threw garlands, or leis, woven of many colored flowers about the necks of the newcomers. As Timmy walked up the landing, a man came briskly forward and grasped his hand.

“You’re Timmy Blake, aren’t you?” he asked. “I’m Mr. Clark, an old friend of your family’s.” He looked down approvingly at



the strong, well-dressed youth before him. "Your parents asked me to show you about during your visit here."

Here Jane Lee stopped a moment and touched Timmy lightly on the shoulder. "I'm setting out to draw Hawaii," she announced. "I'll make a special picture for you of a Huma Huma Nukanuka Apuaa if I find one."

"What in the world is that?" frowned Timmy.

Mr. Clark laughed, and Jane Lee called as she walked away, "It's just a great Hawaiian name for a little fish."

At this moment, a boy and girl ran gaily up to Timmy and threw flower leis about his neck. Timmy was completely surprised until Mr. Clark introduced them as his son and daughter. Then Timmy was pleased to learn that he would spend the day in their company.

"We will show you everything," Teddy cried, as he steered Timmy from the terminal toward the family car.

Seated in the rear seat between Teddy and Betty Clark, Timmy found himself attracted to his companions. They were such happy children, with shining golden hair and faces suntanned from outdoor living.

Swiftly the car whisked toward the city of Honolulu. On the way they passed through a number of sugar plantations that the young tourist viewed with great interest. Mr. Clark had lowered the top of the car so that Timmy could see as much of the country as possible.

"It's rather a risk to drive with the top down on these islands," remarked Mr. Clark. "One small cloud may drench us with a shower at any time. This often happens with the sun shining only fifty feet away."

Nearing the city, Mr. Clark asked, "Are you all hungry?"

The children replied emphatically that they were, so he drove on to the Royal Hawaiian Hotel at Waikiki beach and ordered a hearty breakfast. Between mouthfuls of food, Timmy described his trip to which the Clarks listened attentively.

When they had finished, they returned to the car, and Mr. Clark drove slowly back through town. Timmy was thrilled by the sights along the streets. There were faces of all colors. Here, a Hindu walked sedately along, his turban and expensive clothing in odd contrast to the simple apparel of Chinese coolies and native Hawaiians. Timmy looked with pride at a United States Navy officer, spotless in his white uniform.

Soon Timmy's sense of strangeness left him. Honolulu, after all, was a great deal like California. Automobiles swept through the palm-lined avenues. Street cars clanged their way noisily along the streets. People in modern dress hurried into office buildings and idled about shops and corners exactly as they did at home.

# ISLAND OF OAHU

# HAWAII

KAHUKU PT



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 SEMI-TROPICAL AND COLORFUL  
 EXCELLENT NAVAL BASE

DISTANCE FROM CALIFORNIA - 2404 MI.  
 TIME CHANGE 2½ HOURS.

When they had left the town behind, Betty leaned forward and said, "Let's drive up to the Pali, Daddy. Then Timmy can see the whole island."

The Pali, which is a steep cliff, is located about six miles north of Honolulu. Driving there, Timmy passed many beautiful homes with shady lawns and thick clusters of shrubs. As the road became steeper, delicate waterfalls appeared like bits of filmy lace. Always they seemed to disappear into some canyon or crevasse halfway down the face of the cliff.

Reaching the top, the party left their car and strolled to the brink of the Pali. Never, never would Timmy forget the sight that met his eyes. The districts of Kiluha and Lanakai lay below like a fairy garden bordering a sapphire sea. It was difficult to stand upon the cliff, and he had to brace himself to keep from being blown away by the strong wind.

Teddy said gaily, "This is about the windiest spot in the world, I think."

After a time they left the Pali and followed the road down the side of the cliff. Here the surrounding hills were covered with patches of sugar cane and pineapple plants. To Timmy Blake the vast picture looked a great deal like a checkerboard of green fields and brown earth. Never before had he seen pineapples grow, so he studied the plants closely.

All that morning Mr. Clark drove about the island, stopping here and there to let the children eat and play. At one little eating place, Timmy had his first taste of *poi*, a native dish made from the pounded root of the taro plant.

"You eat it with your fingers," advised Teddy. "See?" He dipped his stubby forefinger into a bowl of the gray pasty mixture. Drawing it out, enough clung to his finger to enable him to lick it off with relish.





“This is one-finger *poi*,” said Betty. “Two-finger *poi* is thinner, and three-finger *poi* is thinnest of them all.”

Timmy did not enjoy the taste of *poi* at all. But this was fun anyway, so he tried his best to keep up with the others.

The little group lingered until after lunch when Mr. Clark said, “We had better return if we hope to have a swim this afternoon.”

On the way to Waikiki, he stopped long enough to permit Timmy to visit the world-famous fish market on King Street. Here the boy saw rows and rows of all species of fish set out on tables waiting to be sold. There were fish of every size and shape and color, even eels and sharks.

“Now,” said Mr. Clark, guiding them back to the car once more, “I’ll take you out to the Aquarium where you may see these fish swimming around in water.”

“Is there an aquarium here, too?” asked Timmy in surprise.

“Quite as fine as the one you have in San Francisco,” said Mr. Clark.

Entering the Aquarium, Timmy and the Clark children watched hundreds of fish swim slowly about in their attractive glass homes—strange fish with long feathery tails, and others that looked like flowers. Most of them were splashed with brilliant colors.

Reaching the hotel where Timmy and the other Clipper Ship passengers were to spend the night, the group changed into bathing suits and raced down the sandy beach.

“I don’t swim very much in the winter,” said Timmy.

“There is no winter in Hawaii,” cried Betty, drawing her toes through the warm sand. “The water is always warm here.”

Timmy lay back upon the sand and placed his hands beneath his head. Dreamily he stared into the blue sky above. “What does the word Waikiki mean?” he asked thoughtfully.

“It means Spouting Waters,” answered Mr. Clark. “At times when the wind is strong it blows a spray from the waves that is almost as thick as a fog. It is truly a beautiful sight.”

He had scarcely finished speaking when an Hawaiian boy came up to them. In the warm sunlight his copper skin gleamed, and Timmy stared in admiration at his sinewy muscles. The native boy spoke in a low voice to Mr. Clark who turned toward the children with a smile.

“Would you like to ride in an outrigger before you swim?”

The children shouted their replies and waited impatiently while the bronzed native dragged a canoe down the sands from the Outrigger Club. Then they leaped in and Mr. Clark and the beach-boy paddled skilfully out through the long rolling surf. The arm of the outrigger rose and fell gracefully as they slid over the waves.



Presently they turned the canoe toward shore. The beach-boy waited until a large swell rose just behind them. "Here comes a good one," he called.

Then Timmy experienced a thrill such as he had known only aboard the Clipper Ship. Gently the canoe was lifted high upon the crest of a wave. For just one second it remained thus. Then like an arrow from a bow, it shot forward at a breath-taking speed until it reached the shore.

"Wow!" cried Timmy on shore again. "What a ride! I'll bet we were going fifty miles an hour."

"And now I'll show you something else," called Teddy as he ran down the beach.

Shortly he returned, followed by the beach-boy who carried three long boards. These boards were made of hollow wood to ride the waves with greater speed. He gave one to Timmy who

awkwardly pushed his way through the shallow water for what seemed miles.

“How far can you wade out?” he called to Betty who was ahead of him.

“Oh, for a long, long way,” she returned. “But you don’t have to worry about sharks. That coral reef keeps them outside.”

When the children did reach deeper water, they caught a wave and rode shoreward on their boards. The Clarks were clever at this sport. They tried to teach Timmy to stand and ride. It was great fun but very difficult to do.

With a shake of his head, the boy said, “I guess it’ll take me longer than one day to learn.”

Thus the happy day in Honolulu came to an end. That evening Mrs. Clark drove out to Waikiki to join the party at dinner in the hotel. She proved to be a very pleasant woman who had known Timmy’s own mother for many years. After dinner, they all accompanied Timmy upstairs to his room and said goodnight.

“We’ll see you at the terminal in the morning,” Mr. Clark promised.

Before undressing, Timmy decided to make the day’s entry in his log book. Wearily he held it in his arm as he stared sleepily out the open window. The soft Hawaiian night was warm and fragrant. A pale winter moon shone white through the papaya and wind-swept palms. Here and there Christmas lights twinkled merrily in the gardens.

Somewhere he heard the faint strains of an Hawaiian orchestra strumming softly the songs of the islands; songs that told of the First People coming in their canoes from the west; songs that told of the volcanoes and the goddess, Pele, who lived in the crater of Kilauea.

Timmy was very happy. Some day he wanted to come back and stay for a long, long time.

### LOG BOOK

SHIP: Ashore at Royal Hawaiian Hotel.

POSITION: Oahu Island, Hawaii (2,400 miles from U.S.A.)

TIME: 9:30 P.M.

WITNESS: Timmy Blake, San Francisco, California.

#### COMMENTS:

Weather clear and warm. Hawaii is damp and green. There are lots of big spiders here, but people like them because they eat up insects. They don't want any California insects to get in here, so we had to throw away all our presents of flowers and fruits on the Clipper Ship. I saw Mr. Barton open a hatch and do this long before we landed.

The Clarks are very nice people. I hated to say goodbye to them. They helped me buy some Christmas presents to send home to Mother and Dad. I bought a tapa cloth for Mother. It is funny stuff like heavy paper with designs pounded on it. I bought a carved smoking set and a real Hawaiian sport shirt for Dad. I bought some hula dolls with grass skirts for fun.

I saw Mr. Barton in the lobby tonight. He told me to be sure to wake up early. We fly to Midway tomorrow morning at eight. I can hardly wait to see Midway and all its gooney birds!

DATE: Thursday, December 18th.

Lights out,  
T. Blake





### CHAPTER III ON TO MIDWAY

The sky was dense with clouds the next morning when the passengers of the Clipper Ship returned to Pearl Harbor. But the sun broke through as they reached the Pan American Airways terminal, and a brilliant rainbow spanned the heavens.

"Hawaii bids a colorful good-bye," said red-haired Jane Lee, sitting dreamily in the car beside Timmy.

"Rainbow in the morning, sailors take warning," quoted Timmy, wondering if it would be a stormy trip.

At the landing, he saw that new passengers were in line to go aboard. Now that the remainder of the trip was to be made solely by daylight hops, the ship could hold a greater number of people.

At eight o'clock the Clarks arrived weighted down with flower leis which they gave to the boy. They had barely time to bid him Aloha, or good-bye, when the terminal door was thrown open and the passengers streamed aboard.

Timmy waved farewell from the window as the plane pulled slowly from the landing. The motors seemed to wail "Aloha," too, as they raised the great ship into the sky once more. Looking down, the boy could see many gray battleships at anchor in the harbor. Toy ships they were now; toy ships in a toy harbor that were erased from view as the plane's nose plowed suddenly into a bank of clouds.

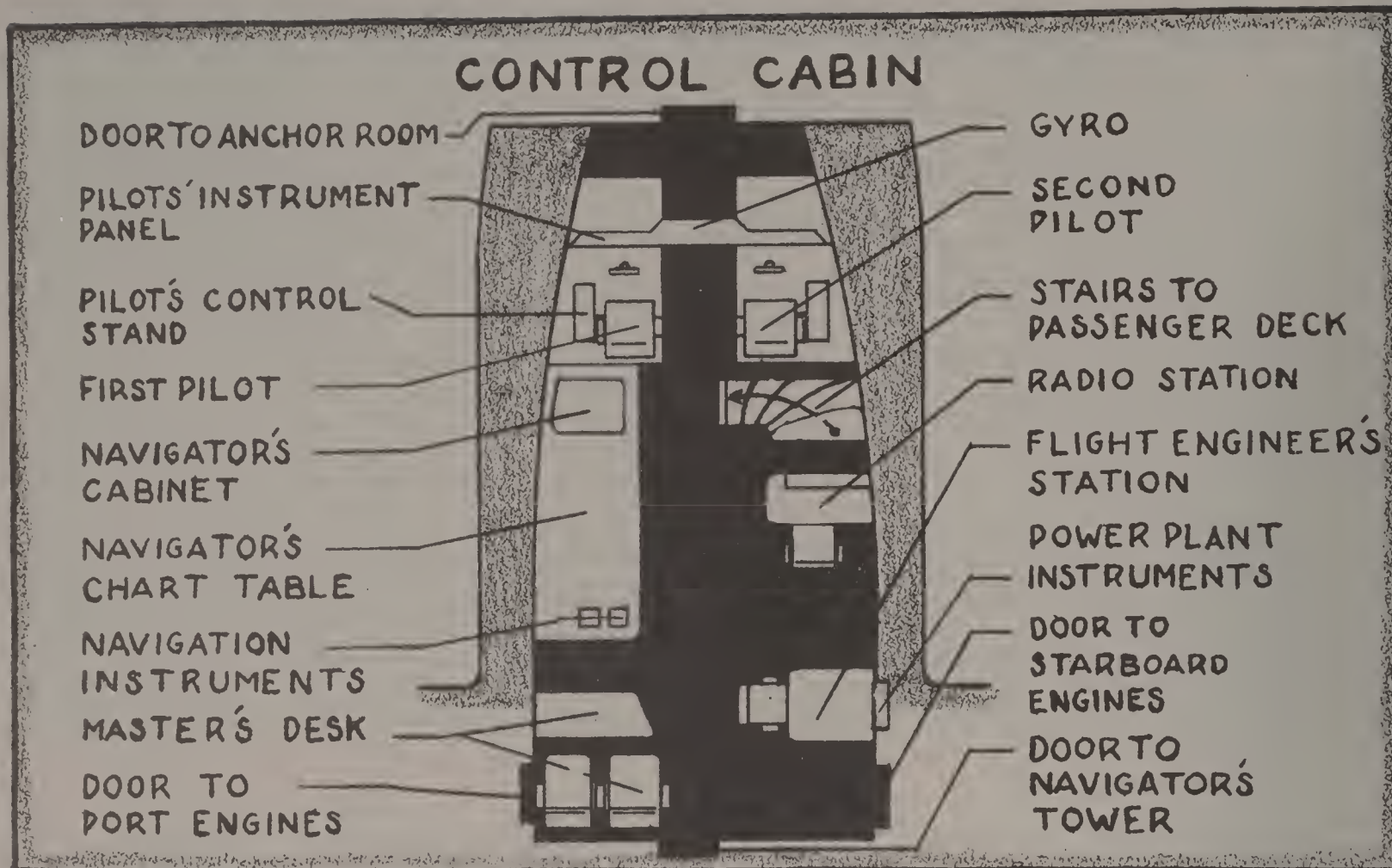
A fine rain began to beat against the windows, and for the first time Timmy understood the meaning of blind flying. He was, perhaps, three thousand feet in the air and climbing steadily, his vision blotted out by a gray mist. Yet, in this comfortable modern plane, he felt quite as secure and warm as he would feel in his own home.

Shortly Mr. Barton entered the compartment. "Come into the hall with me," he said. "I'm putting through a call to the control deck. I think I have that surprise ready now."

Timmy's blue eyes danced with excitement. Mr. Barton had said that he was going to call the control deck. Perhaps he, Timmy Blake, would be allowed to see how the officers directed this great ship from above. His heart beat rapidly as he waited for Mr. Barton to complete the call.

"You're a lucky boy, Timmy," said the Flight Steward replacing the phone. "Captain Day says to bring you up. This is a very special honor, remember. We seldom allow passengers above."

Timmy needed no urging. He quickly followed Mr. Barton up the winding stairs to the bridge. This proved to be a small, black, glare-proof compartment where the First and Second Pilots sat at dual controls. Just below the windshields were twin instrument boards. On these boards were countless push buttons, dials, and switches. Extending from the floor were pedals and levers.



The First Pilot sat on the left. His name was Mr. Nelson. As he smiled at Timmy, his teeth gleamed in a suntanned face.

"Think you could ever learn to manage all these instruments?" he inquired as Timmy stared fascinated. "Watch closely now and I'll show you how some of them work. For instance, these dials show every movement of the plane. The levers, pedals, and switches control the ailerons, elevators, and stabilizers. We also control the motors from here if necessary."

Timmy was overwhelmed by the movements of the array of instruments before him. "If you think we have a great deal to do," said the Second Pilot, "wait until you see how many instruments the officers inside use."

Now Captain Day appeared in the doorway. He was a tall, heavy-set man, ruddy of face and merry-eyed. He was reputed to be one of the world's finest aviators. "So you are Timmy Blake," he began in a pleasant voice. He shook Timmy's hand



and invited him inside to view the navigation and radio room.

Reaching there, Timmy saw the Navigator, the Radio Operator, and the Flight Engineer at work before their tables. They, too, were busy studying strange dials that covered the walls of the room about them. As Timmy drew up, they nodded and said a brief "Hello." But that was all.

Captain Day led the boy to a double seat at the rear of the room. "I suppose," he remarked, "that like all boys, you are keenly interested in flying. So I am going to describe briefly a few of the more important things that are involved in flying a Clipper Ship."

He looked kindly down into Timmy's eager young face. "First of all, let me say that the task of flying begins long before we ever leave the ground. By that, I mean the study of weather conditions. Before we actually take off, we must have a full knowledge of the weather that lies before us when we attempt a flight across the ocean. So groups of men study for weeks ahead of our scheduled flying time. Each day they make weather maps that show exactly the different conditions at every point along the way. Before our take-off, we are given what we term a flight forecast."

Here the Captain arose and walked over to the table to pick up a sheaf of papers. "This is one," he continued, "that tells us at what altitude we must fly to reach the most favorable winds. We ride these winds to carry us along, you see. We call them tail winds. For example, we are flying at eight thousand feet where a twenty-mile tail wind is blowing. When we are nine hundred miles out, we are instructed to climb to ten thousand feet to meet another westward 'blow'. All this saves fuel and helps us to reach our port more quickly."

He paused here to read a report from the Radio Officer before

continuing. "The Radio Operator is sending out a flight O.K. right now. Every thirty minutes he radioes our exact position to bases on land. In this he gives both our position and existing weather conditions. The Navigation Officer records this in the log book. Our ships also use the radio telephone system as well as the radio dot-and-dash method to send out messages."

Timmy had listened quietly to the Captain who arose from his seat with a nod of dismissal. "I can't give you any more time today," he said, "but before you leave, I'd like to show you our motors at work."

He walked over to open a small door, and the roar of the engines became so loud that the Captain almost had to shout in order to be heard. "The rears of the motors are open," he continued. "We can stop one, if necessary, to put in new parts. For that matter, we have been able to stop both motors on one side of the ship in test flights without losing altitude. Quite a remarkable ship, we think!"

Timmy's head whirled as he thought of all this powerful machinery flying through the air. It seemed almost unbelievable! He was burning with a thousand questions, but he knew that Captain Day was a busy man and that his visit to the control deck had come to an end.

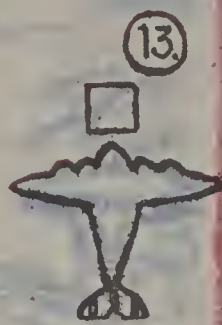
On the way out, the boy hesitated beside Pilot Nelson for just a moment. "Do you like to fly these giant planes better than lighter ships?" he asked, staring with awe at the four great motors whirring outside.

"Yes, I do," the Pilot replied. "These ships handle as easily as the smallest plane made. And it's a great relief to be able to talk up here without shouting."

With that, the boy waved good-bye to those about him and hurried below to the passenger deck. He was eager to find

- 1. P.A.A. HOTEL
- 2. POND
- 3. AIRPORT MANAGER
- 4. P.A.A. LARGE DOCK
- 5. SHOPS + STOREROOM
- 6. QUARTERS + RECREATION CENTER
- 7. GOONEYVILLE
- 8. VEGETABLE GARDENS

- 9. COMMERCIAL CABLE CO. COMPOUND
- 10. TENNIS COURT
- 11. CABLE CO. DOCK
- 12. P.A.A. SMALL DOCK
- 13. MOORING BARGE



**SAND ISLAND**  
(1½ MI. LONG - ¾ MI. WIDE)  
**MIDWAY**



DISTANCE FROM CALIF.: 3,703  
TIME CHANGE : 4 HOURS  
FINEST CORAL BEACH  
IN THE WORLD.



Jane Lee and Mr. Lang to tell them about all that he had seen.

“Teacher’s pet!” wailed Jane Lee when she heard the news. “I wish I could rate a trip upstairs.”

“I’d like to be the baby on this flight, myself,” teased Mr. Lang. He drew up a chair as the others sat down to luncheon. Despite his hunger, Timmy could scarcely find time to eat, so full of information was he about the control deck which he had just seen.

When luncheon was over, the passengers began to regard the time with a new tingle of excitement. Small groups idled by the windows in an effort to catch a first glimpse of Midway Island. They had long since cleared the storm, and a bright sun made the sea look as if it were sprinkled with a million shining diamonds.

Suddenly Mr. Barton announced, “There’s Midway, now!” He pointed to a circle of white toward which they were flying. “See the waves breaking over the coral reef? The inner spots are Sand and Eastern Islands.”

Timmy pressed his nose against the window. Plainly now he could see two small sand islands in the center of a vivid lagoon. As they descended, a group of yellow buildings with red roofs came into view on the larger island. There were so few trees or shrubs that the buildings stood out boldly.

“There is quite a settlement on Midway,” said the Flight Steward. “We have our own power house, refrigeration plant, warehouse, hotel, and numerous other buildings.”

Mr. Lang asked, “What are those buildings on the far side of the island?”

“The Pacific Cable Company Compound. They were begun over thirty years ago when the first cable was laid across the ocean. Since then the company has built sidewalks, tennis courts,

and even a golf course for its employees. They play golf here with red golf balls, and use greens of carpet rather than grass.”

“Oh, look at all those birds!” cried Timmy as he watched a host of birds wheeling above the island in an endless circle.

“Midway is a birds’ sanctuary,” said Mr. Barton. “The government protects them, and they practically own the island.”

Now the Clipper Ship glided into the lagoon for the landing. With a soft swirl of spray it touched the crystal-clear waters, and the second leg of the flight to China came to an end.

As the motors ceased, a launch approached from the long pier to moor the plane to a large white barge from which flew both the American and Pan American Airways flags. The passengers were taken ashore in the launch which was named the *Panair*.

Ashore, Timmy marvelled at such beautiful clear water and such gleaming white sand.

“Did you ever see a finer beach?” called Jane Lee from her seat in the station wagon at the pier. Midway boasted two of these cars which carried the passengers across the long sandy road to the hotel.

“Our Midway beach is rated to be one of the finest in the world,” said the Flight Steward as he helped the passengers into the cars. “The sand is composed entirely of powdered coral. When you walk upon it, it is as soft as velvet underfoot. And it has no burn nor glare.”

In his hotel room, Timmy pulled off his clothes and donned his bathing trunks. It was already past two o’clock, and he was impatient to explore this strange small island in the midst of the great Pacific Ocean.

He found Mr. Lang and Jane Lee in the lobby talking to the resident radio operator whose name was Hans Larson. Like most

men on the island, he was wearing white shorts and a polo shirt.

Timmy bounded up and Jane Lee introduced him as the youngest passenger on the trip. "How long have you been out here, Mr. Larson?" asked the boy, following the group from the hotel into the brisk outdoors.

"This is my second stay," the man replied. "We company men are sent here for a period of six months at a time. It's never tiresome because we are kept so busy that the time passes rapidly."

At this moment, Timmy's alert young eyes fell upon a group of strange birds on the lawn. "There are some more gooney birds," he cried. "They are all over the island, aren't they?"

"Yes," cried Jane Lee, "and I am going to paint flocks of them. Make them pose for me, Timmy."

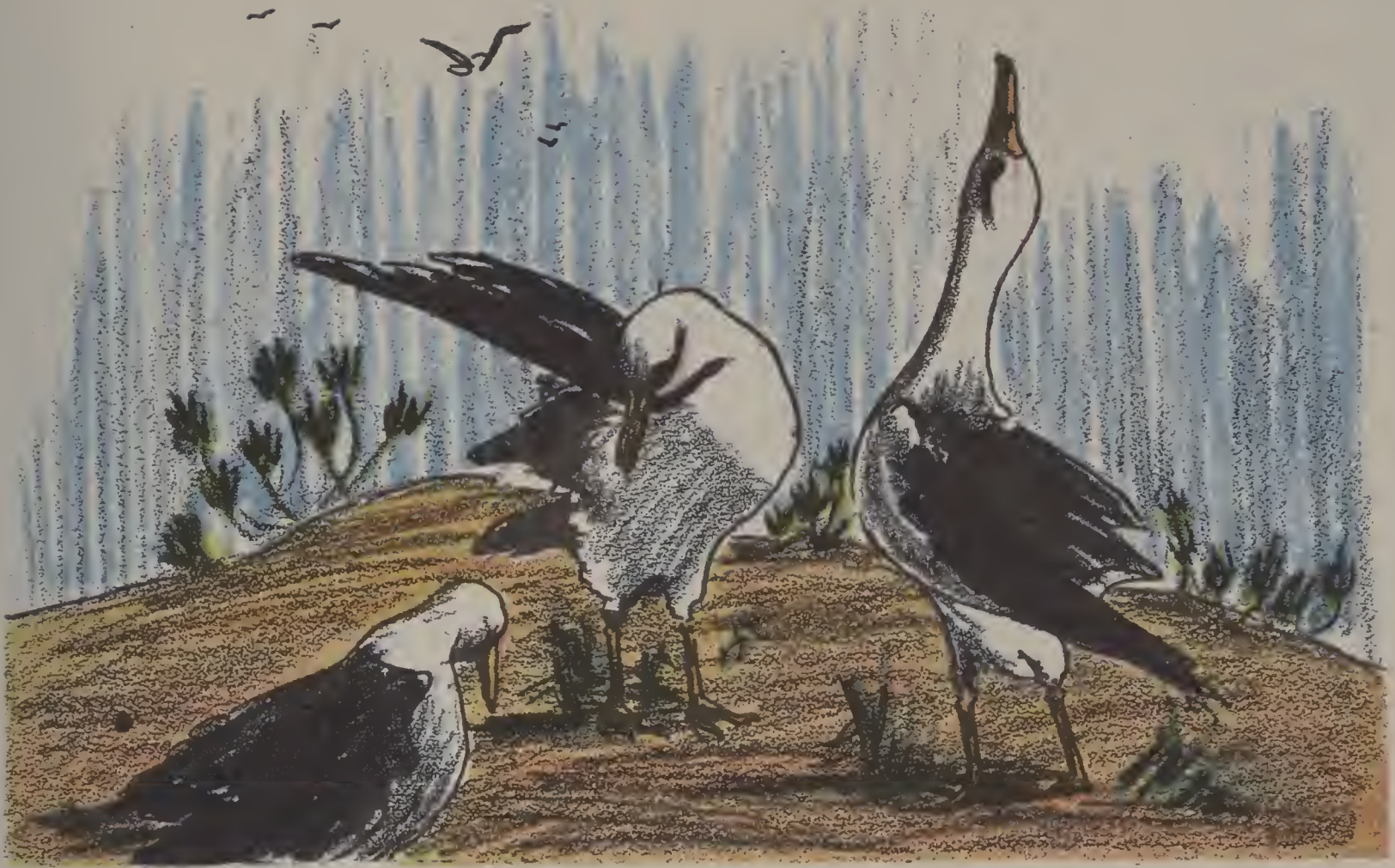
Timmy crept slowly toward one of the larger birds. He was indeed a queer fellow about the size of a goose, with a long yellow beak and funny button eyes like those of a painted doll. As Timmy drew near, the bird began to clack his bill and shake his head. The boy held out his hand, and the curious bird actually began to nibble his fingertips.

Jane Lee wanted to draw the two as they stood thus. The boy was so alive, his eyes sparkling with happiness and his thick brown hair shining in the bright sunlight.

Then Timmy made the mistake of running across the road toward another group of great black birds.

"Come back!" commanded Mr. Larson hastily. "You mustn't touch those fellows. They are black-footed gooneys, and have nasty dispositions. Don't let one bite you, or you'll know what I mean. They are of the albatross family, but they are scavengers and we don't like them."

Timmy obeyed promptly, and now the four idled slowly



through the main street of Midway. Down the boardwalk they trekked, past the yellow company buildings to the wonderful white beach. Here and there Timmy saw gooney birds nesting in holes which they had dug in the sand.

As they reached the beach, Mr. Larson pointed out another group of gooney birds nearby. "Now watch them do their famous dance," he said, with a gleam of interest in his eyes. "You really ought to have a motion picture of them to appreciate their antics."

Timmy stood fascinated by their weird movements. Two of the birds danced opposite each other. First they arched their necks alternately. Then they dropped their heads to the ground and lifted them up to touch beaks. At intervals one would tuck his head beneath his wing and wait until the other began the dance all over again. Gradually a circle of birds gathered about to watch while on the two danced and danced and danced. When one finally grew tired and dropped out, another stepped into its place and the dance continued.

“Where do gooney birds come from?” asked Jane Lee as she sat down upon the creamy sand.

Mr. Larson stretched out beside her. The others followed suit. “For a greater part of the year,” he replied, “gooney birds fly at sea, not landing even during storms. In due time, however, they come in to mate and hatch their young. They arrive about the middle of October. We islanders have a habit of making bets on the day they will first appear. When the breeding season is over, they leave just as suddenly as they came. This departure takes place about the twenty-first of June. Gooney birds are really albatross, the most perfect flying birds in the world. They are Nature’s own airplanes.”

“I saw other birds over there in the trees,” said Timmy.

“Oh, yes, there are dozens of different birds on Midway. The canaries are very popular. Each afternoon we feed them on the porch of the Cable Company’s administration building. Then we have the wedge-tailed shearwaters, commonly called moaning birds, who dig holes in the sand like the gooneys. At night they moan like crying babies. They fly about only after dark and are evidently quite blind because they crash into poles and trees without seeing them.

“Another interesting bird is the beautiful white tern which you can see over the water now. The two long red feathers in its tail help to balance the bird while in flight. It lays a delicately speckled egg directly on the limb of the wild magnolia bushes. Although it never bothers to build a nest, its eggs are seldom harmed except when blown off by the wind. Then we have still other birds such as rails, finches, boobies, frigates, and bosun birds. Sometimes I wonder why this wasn’t named Bird Island instead of Midway.”

A silence fell upon the group as they studied the brilliant sky



and clear lagoon before them. Suddenly Jane Lee put down her sketch pad and ran toward the water for a swim. The others soon followed to find the water as soft as velvet to their touch.

Timmy swam out a short distance and opened his eyes under water to watch bright-colored fish drifting about the coral heads below him.

"It's a shame you can't stay with us for a time," said Mr. Larson, regretfully, as the party returned to the beach. "I would especially like to take you deep-sea fishing outside the reef. People who want something different always find Midway the answer."

"I'm getting cold," interrupted Jane Lee, shivering in the cool wind. "I'm going to run a bit to get warm."

"You had better put on your tennis shoes if you go beyond the beach," warned Mr. Larson. "The coral will cut your feet."

Timmy raced after Jane Lee and overtook her. Presently they sat down to catch their breath. It was then that the boy spied some strange tracks on the sand beside him.

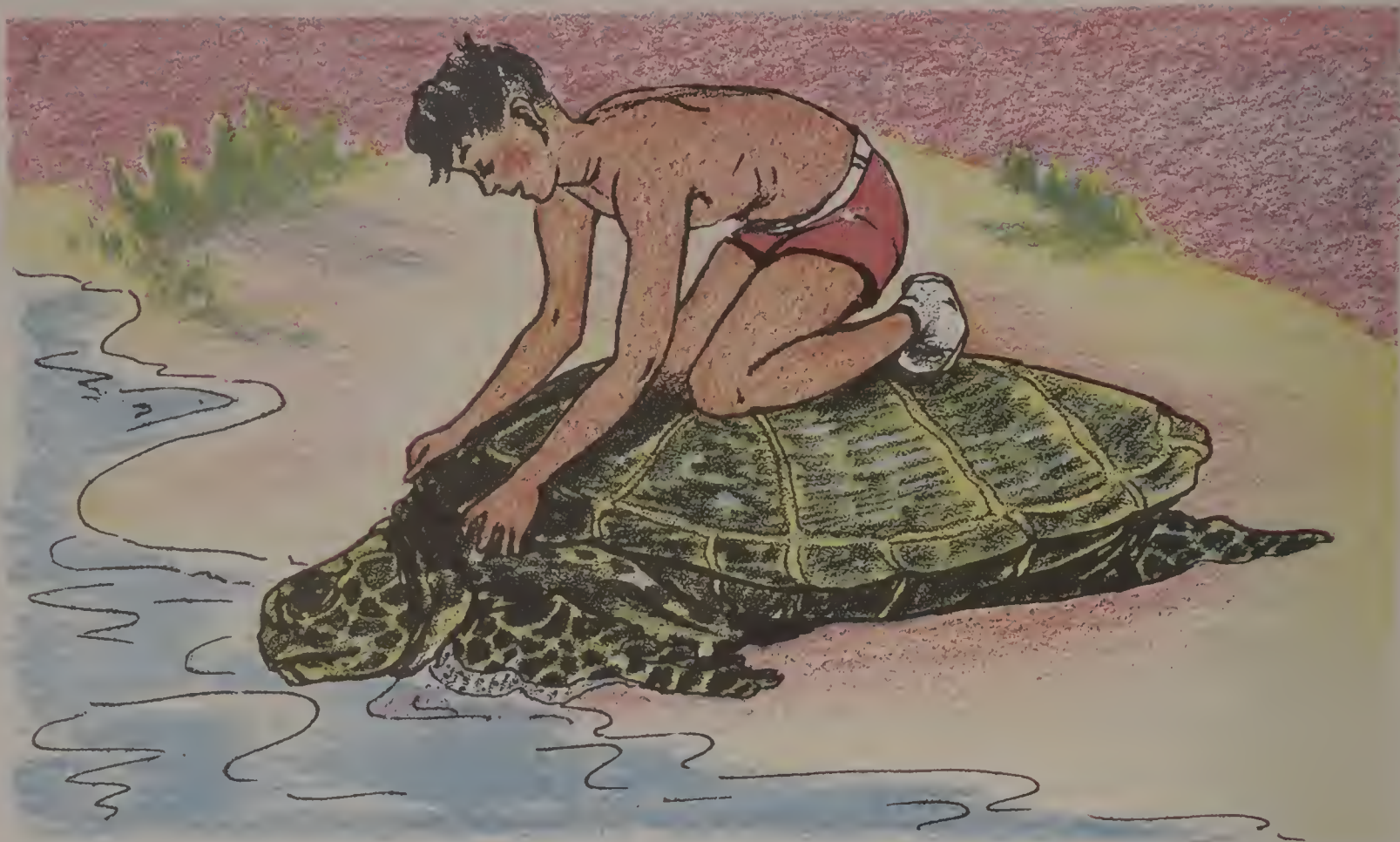
"Let's follow them," he cried. "I'd like to see what made them!"

Rounding a bend, they were surprised to come upon a large green turtle fast asleep, with its head tucked neatly into the sand.

"Shh!" whispered Jane. "Creep up and ride on its back out into the water."

Timmy thought this an excellent idea. Carefully he proceeded, then with a loud shout he leaped upon the startled turtle's back and clung tightly as it moved clumsily toward the water. But only for a moment! Suddenly the turtle dove to the bottom of the lagoon and Timmy was very happy to let go!

The boy returned to Jane Lee with his hair dripping and salt



water in his eyes. "I guess that really was turning turtle," he exclaimed as they both laughed. "I wish I could find another turtle for you to ride, Miss Lee."

"Oh, no," chuckled Jane Lee as she glanced at the sky. "It's getting too late for that. We must hurry back to the hotel for dinner."

Dressed once more, though very tired, Timmy managed to eat an enormous meal. Never had he been quite so hungry. Strangely enough, he was served a bowl of green turtle soup which caused a great deal of merriment among those who had heard of his turtleback ride that afternoon.

"Perhaps we'll be able to make you a member of the Goofy Gooney Club," exclaimed Mr. Larson. "That ride should entitle you to a charter membership."

After dinner, Timmy left his friends very early and returned to his room. There he jotted down the incidents of the day, then crept sleepily into bed.

He closed his eyes and lay very still, listening to the rhythm of the surf as it broke upon the distant coral reef. Once he was startled to hear the shrill cry of a shearwater as it flew blindly past his hotel window. But that was all he remembered until he woke to find that a new day had begun.

### LOG BOOK

SHIP: Ashore at the Pan American Hotel.

POSITION: Midway, 3,703 miles from California.

TIME: 8:45 P.M. (1½ hour change from Honolulu).

WITNESS: Timmy Blake, San Francisco, California.

COMMENTS:

Weather clear and cool. Here I am in the middle of the Pacific Ocean. This island was named Midway because it is halfway between California and the Philippines. Mr. Barton said that lots of old sailing vessels have crashed on the coral reef around Midway. One old ship was named the *Wandering Minstrel*. Seems funny to think that this could have been called a desert island.

I like the gooney birds. I wish I could take one home for a pet, I don't like the shearwaters, though. I fell into too many of the holes they dug in the sand.

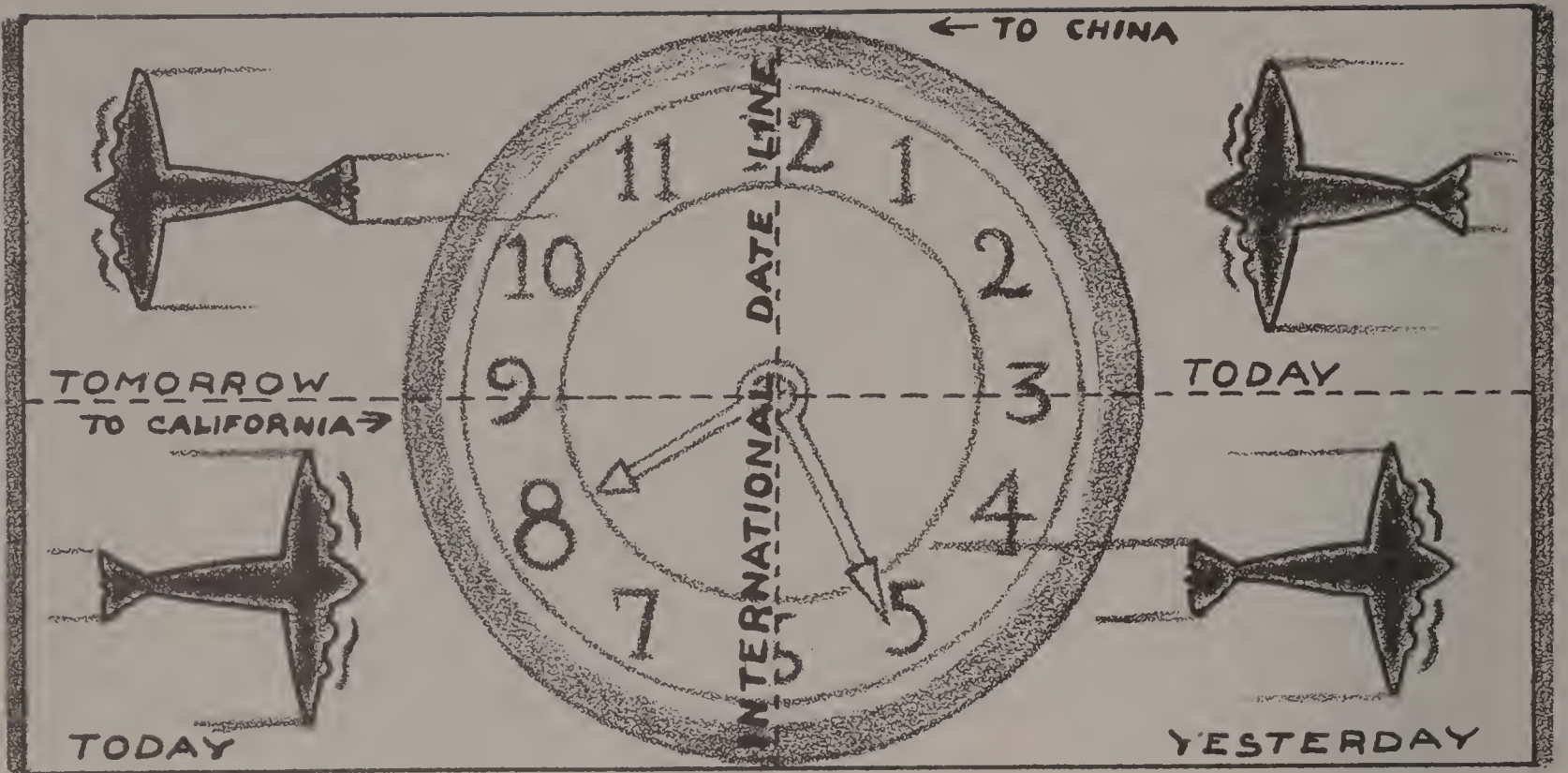
The thing I liked best today was my turtle ride. It was fun, only the turtle didn't seem to like it. Miss Lee said she would draw a cartoon of me going into the water on the turtle's back. I am going to send it to Mother and Dad for a little Christmas present.

We leave for Wake in the morning. I saw the mechanics going over every part of the Clipper Ship tonight. They were going to load it with gasoline later.

Am sleepy now. . . . Wake tomorrow. . . .

T. Blake

DATE: Friday, December 19th.



## CHAPTER IV

### WAKE ISLAND AND A MYSTERY STORY

Greeting the morning sun, the Clipper Ship skimmed above the spray upon the coral reef and started west once more. This was to be one of the shortest flights of the trip with Wake but eight hours flying time away.

With a pang of real regret Timmy watched the little island of Midway disappear from sight. Over it hovered a dense cloud of birds rippling like the waves of the sea below. Soon all that remained in the distance was an endless stretch of sea. For a long while now Timmy sat by the window watching the whitecaps running high. To pass away the time, he munched slowly on a banana which he had taken from a basket on a nearby table.

After a while Mr. Barton entered the compartment to announce that all passengers were invited to the main lounge at 8:30 A.M. Immediately the passengers became curious. Promptly at the given hour they gathered in the lounge and lined up on one side of the room behind a white ribbon laid on the floor.

"Look at your watches," said Mr. Barton from the doorway. He stood beside Captain Day who had joined the passengers to watch the fun.

"Now!" said the Flight Steward as, one by one, he led them over the ribbon to the opposite side of the room. "You have just crossed the International Date Line from yesterday into today. One minute ago it was Saturday. Now it is Sunday. In other words, in one minute we have dropped a whole day!"

Then amid much talking and laughter, he handed out small toy gooney birds as souvenirs.

Timmy was frankly puzzled by the time problem. Seeing the frown upon his young face, Mr. Barton tried to explain it in simple words. "You remember, Timmy, that we set our watches back two and one-half hours for the time we gained when we reached Honolulu. At Midway we gained still another hour and a half. We have to regulate the time this way because the sun doesn't shine on all parts of the world at once. So, to keep the days correct, an imaginary line has been drawn from pole to pole through the center of the earth. When this line is crossed going west as we are now, a whole day is gained. When we return, a day is lost."

Timmy began to understand, but it was still a bit confusing. He glanced at his wrist watch and sighed. Time had always seemed a simple thing to him before. He wondered if he would ever be able to explain the International Date Line to his friends at home.

A gnawing hunger soon made him forget his problem, as he made his way to the galley to watch the preparations for luncheon. When the meal was over, he had quite forgotten that Saturday had turned to Sunday early that morning.

One of the passengers picked up a checkerboard and invited Timmy to play a game with him. Timmy agreed, and was almost

ready to take his place at the table when his keen eyes caught a glimpse of a small dark blot against the horizon. At first it was hard to tell whether it was a cloud shadow or solid ground. Then, sure of himself, he shouted gleefully, "I see Wake Island!" He was proud of the fact that he had been the first passenger to discover the new port.

Shortly now a small group of three islands were spread below like dark jewels in the tropical sea. They are set in the center of a bright lagoon framed by a foaming coral reef. The names of the islands are Peale, Wake, and Wilkes. Here the growth of trees and shrubs is distinctly more tropical than on the island they had left behind.

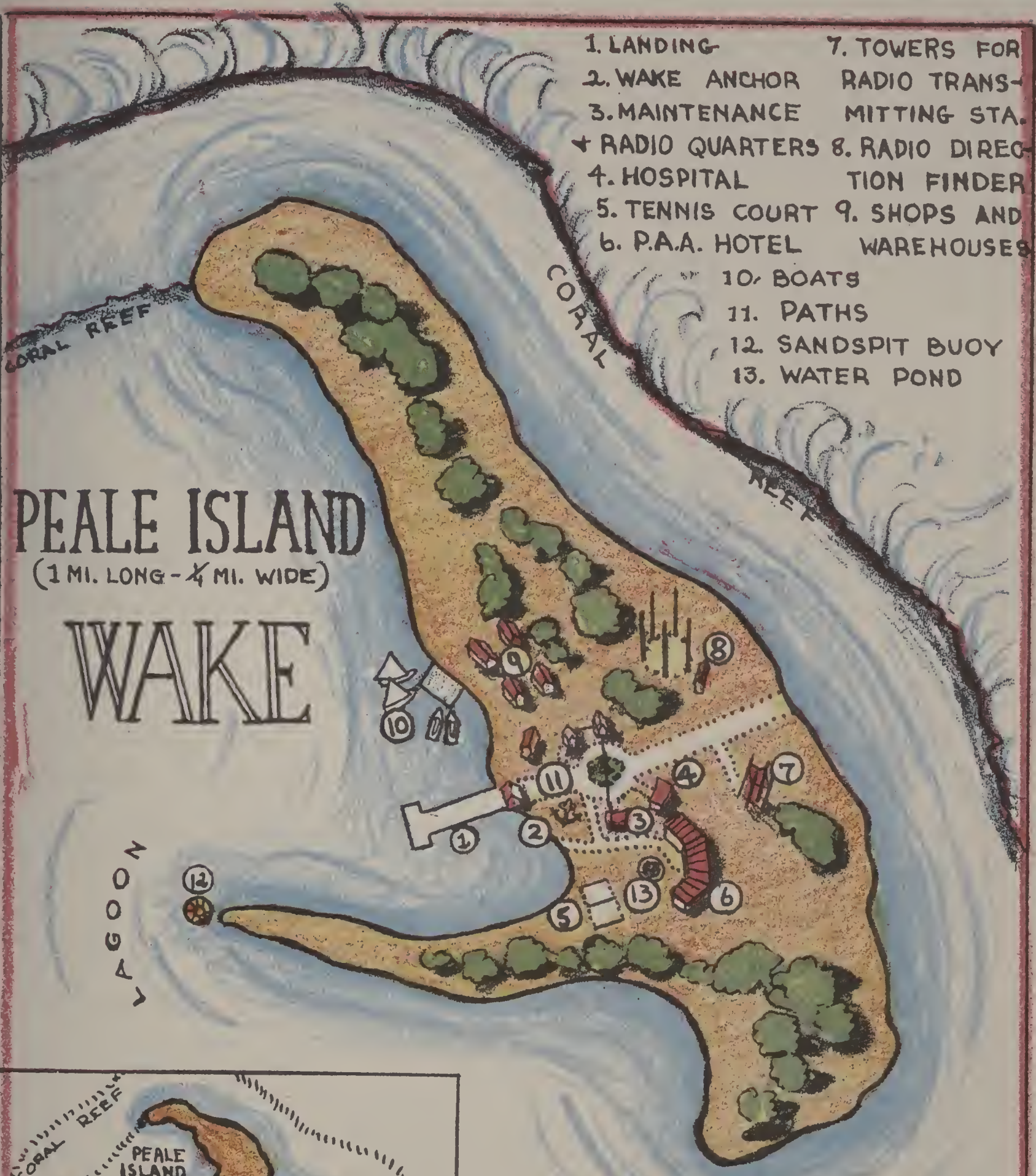
"Wake was a small, lonely group of islands until the coming of the Clipper Ships," said Mr. Barton. "Now there is a colony on the most important, Peale Island, quite as large as Midway. It has shops, refrigeration and power plants, and a very modern hotel. The inhabitants have kept busy building coral summer houses, a tennis court, and an archery course for recreation. It is always warm here, and the islanders as well as guests may enjoy sports the year 'round."

Now the Clipper Ship circled low for the landing. Easily it slipped into the emerald-like waters of the lagoon and pulled up to the barge moored at the end of the pier.

With the opening of the hatches, Timmy ran down the gangplank and over the landing to shore, waiting for the others to follow. There were no station wagons to meet them here, for the hotel was only a short walk away.

In his room, Timmy hastened once more to don his bathing trunks and polo shirt. Light clothes are popular here because the weather is always warm.

Outside he spotted Jane Lee's vivid hair in a group of passen-



- 1. LANDING
- 2. WAKE ANCHOR
- 3. MAINTENANCE
- 4. HOSPITAL
- 5. TENNIS COURT
- 6. P.A.A. HOTEL
- 7. TOWERS FOR RADIO TRANSMITTING STA.
- 8. RADIO DIRECTION FINDER
- 9. SHOPS AND WAREHOUSES
- 10. BOATS
- 11. PATHS
- 12. SANDSPIT BUOY
- 13. WATER POND

**PEALE ISLAND**  
(1 MI. LONG - 1/4 MI. WIDE)

**WAKE**



DISTANCE FROM CALIF.: 4,893 MI.  
 DATE CHANGE: ONE DAY  
 TIME CHANGE: 5 HOURS  
 THREE ISLANDS: WILKES,  
 WAKE, PEALE.

gers which had gathered by the large circular pool before the hotel entrance. This is a combination fishpond and cooler for the island refrigeration plant. There is no natural water supply on Wake. Yet it rains often enough to provide the islanders with all the water they need. The water is caught in the drains on roofs and carried into wells. From there it is pumped by wind-mills into storage tanks.

As Timmy approached, Mr. Barton beckoned to him from a shell-studded bench beside the pond. "Come here, Timmy," he called, "and meet the friendliest fish on the island." He bent over and dipped his arm into the water and wiggled his fingers. Then Timmy received the surprise of his life. A beautiful striped fish swam up to the pool's edge and slid into the palm of the Flight Steward's hand. Quietly it lay there and allowed the man to stroke its long blue nose and back.

"You try it," said Mr. Barton with a nod.

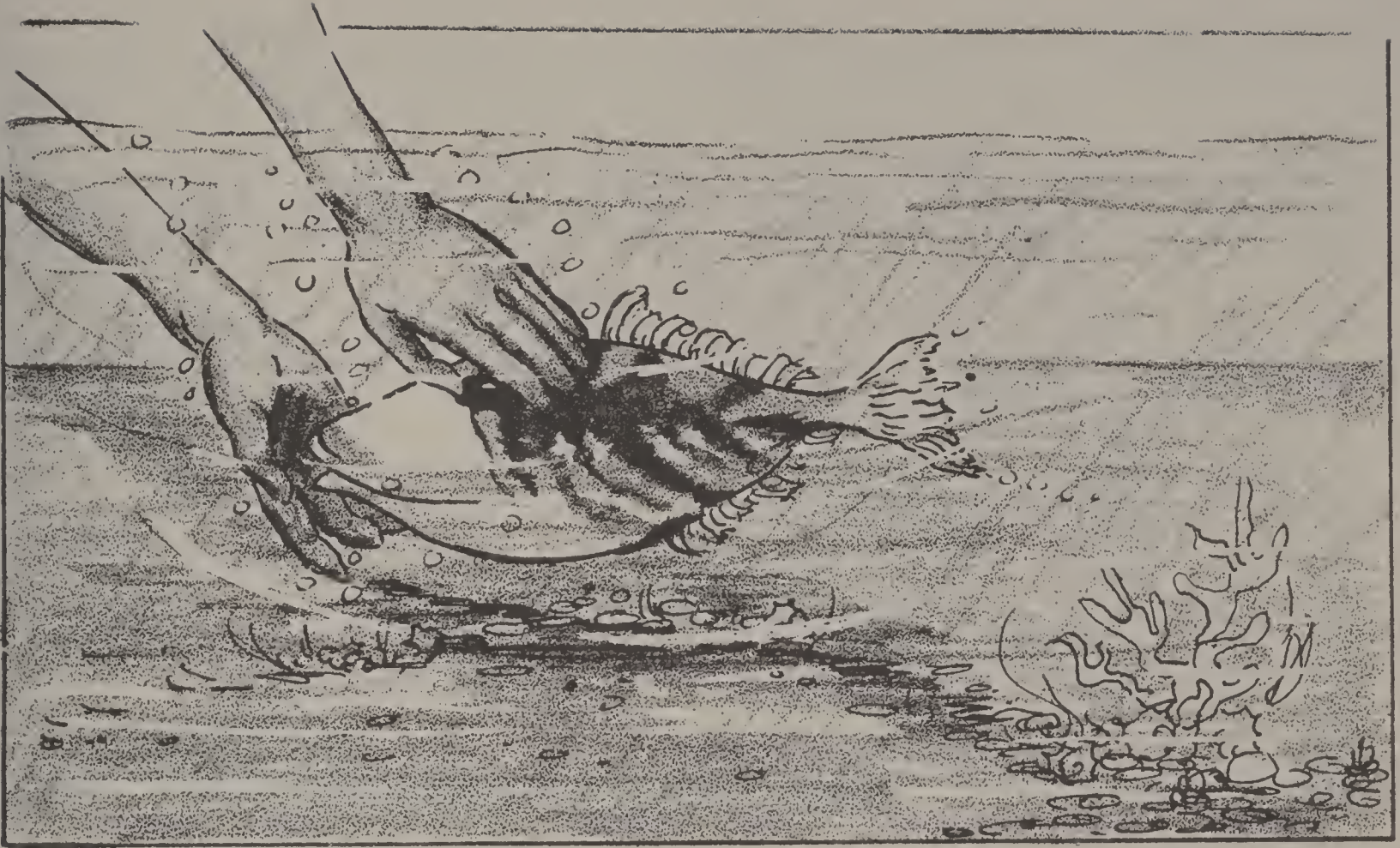
Timmy was anxious to obey, and he felt a keen thrill as the tame fish slid into his own palm. Very cautiously he began to stroke the nose of the fish exactly as the Flight Steward had done. "Why, he loves to be petted!" the boy cried in delight. "What sort of fish is he?"

"We call him a submarine fish," said Mr. Barton, "but he is officially known as a striped trigger fish. In Hawaii, he is called the Huma Huma Nukanuka Apuaa. They sing many Hawaiian songs about his kind."

"Remember, I drew you a picture of one, Timmy," reminded Jane Lee who had been watching the boy with interest.

"And, now, there are other things to see and do," said Mr. Barton, pointing toward the lagoon. "Supposing we go for a sail, Timmy. The others will find plenty to do around here without us."





“Good!” replied the boy. “Do you have a real sailboat?”

“We surely do, and there’s enough breeze to give us a brisk little sail.”

Together they strolled down the white sand path beneath a canopy of magnolia trees. Presently they met Captain Day, fresh and cool in white ducks and spotless polo shirt. He was on his way to the tennis court, yet he stopped to chat for a moment before going on. “I have some news for you, Timmy,” he announced. “We’re going to be held over a day. There’s a storm between Wake and Guam that must clear up before we go on. Think you can keep busy?”

“Yes, sir, I’m sure I can,” said Timmy. “Anyhow, I like it here.” He stood for a moment staring about the colorful little island, his hands on hips, his blue eyes alight with interest, and the wind blowing his brown hair awry.

"I'm going to take the young man spearfishing under water," promised Mr. Barton. "Now that we are due to lay over, we'll go tomorrow."

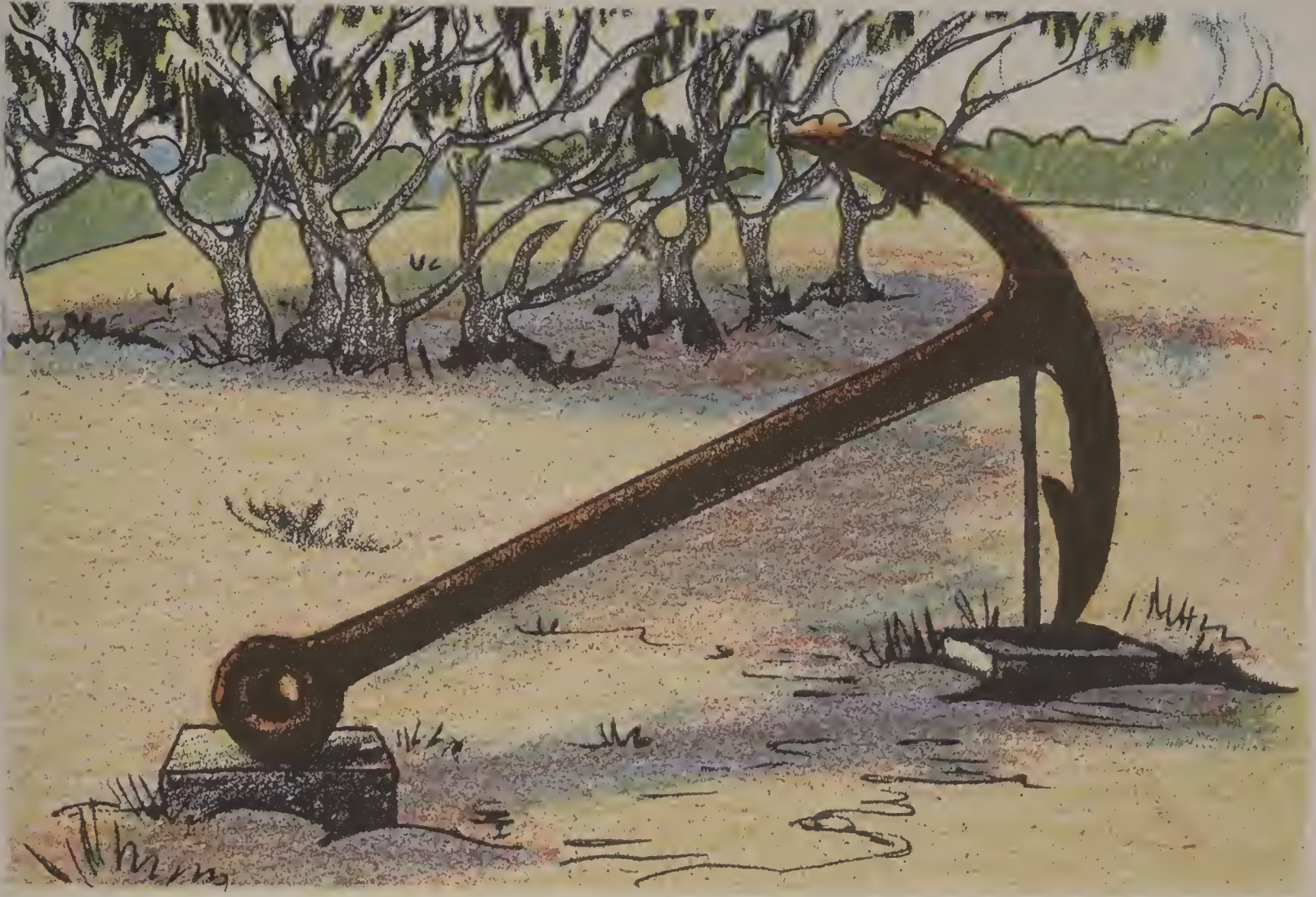
Timmy turned a handspring, unable to conceal his joy. He had heard so much about spearfishing that he could hardly wait for the morning.

Then Captain Day left them, and the two continued toward the pier. Reaching the anchored sailboat, Timmy helped Mr. Barton raise the small mains'l, and they glided swiftly over the clear green waters of the lagoon. Not far away, Timmy could see the other islands nestled inside the coral reef.

"Those are Wilkes and Wake Islands," said Mr. Barton, following Timmy's gaze. "We have a small railroad two blocks long on Wilkes. It leads from the ocean to the lagoon. When Midway and Wake were first settled a few years ago, a large ship called the *North Haven* brought out all the supplies. As the ship was too large to cross the reef, a railroad was built to haul supplies to small barges in the lagoon. From there the equipment was transferred to Peale Island where our base is located. Peale was the only island of this group that showed no signs of having been flooded by storms."

After an hour of idle drifting, the Flight Steward turned the boat around, and they sailed slowly shoreward. Timmy lay back and stared with quiet eyes at his colorful surroundings. Above him a cloud of white birds circled like living planes. The reflection of the brilliant waters cast a blue glow on the under part of their wings. Beyond him the soft waters of the lagoon glistened in the sunlight, unruffled save where the surf burst into a foamy spray over the coral reef.

Now Mr. Barton pulled a small glass-bottomed box from under the seat and handed it to the boy. "Hold this over the side and



you can easily see the floor of the lagoon," he said. "There are more varieties of tropical fish down there than in any other place in the entire world."

Holding the glass over the side, Timmy viewed an exciting picture of a world such as he had never dreamed existed. Somehow he had never even thought of beauty below the sea. But there it lay like a picture book; a world of rainbow-colored, flower-like fish, pearly shells, and magic coral formations.

He wished suddenly that Jane Lee and Mr. Lang were with him to enjoy this sight. But already the sun was sinking in the west, casting a path of gold upon the green water. Now the Flight Steward anchored the boat, and the two walked slowly back to the hotel.

Later, when the boy entered the dining room for dinner, he found Jane Lee and Mr. Lang awaiting him at a table.

"We've had such a grand afternoon," sighed the young woman. "We played tennis and tried a bit of archery. Then we explored every nook and cranny on the island."

But Timmy's own thoughts were filled with rainbow-colored fish and coral flowers, and the thrilling plan of spearfishing on the morrow. Between mouthfuls of food, he related many of his adventures.

"Let me go along to sketch you spearfishing," begged Jane Lee. "I'll promise to keep out of your way."

Mr. Barton agreed that she should go with them, and she gave him a grateful smile.

Dinner over, Mr. Barton took them all for a stroll in the moonlight. The air was balmy, and the sky studded with a million stars. As they walked through a small tree-filled park, Timmy spied a large anchor outlined against the sky. Running over to investigate, he found that it was mounted on a cement base. In response to the question in the boy's eyes, Mr. Barton told him that it was all that remained to mark the fate of the unfortunate ship *Libelle*.

"It's a real mystery story," he added. "I'll tell you about it presently."

Reaching the beach, the group sank lazily down upon the white sand, and for a time listened silently to the scraping of hermit crabs across the sand, and to the sea breaking rhythmically upon the reef.

Then the Flight Steward broke the silence. "I'll tell that story now," he said. Everyone was eager to hear the tale, so he began:

"In the year 1865, which incidentally marked the end of the Civil War, a crew of thirty-one men set sail for China on the German ship *Libelle*, which means Dragon Fly. In the hold was a cargo of gold and riches. The ship sailed around Cape Horn in winter and reached Honolulu in January, 1866. Food and fresh

water were taken aboard, and the *Libelle* sailed west once more—never to be seen again.

“Two weeks out of Honolulu the ill-fated bark encountered a raging wind and sea. Like a cork the sturdy little ship was tossed ruthlessly about in the fury of the gale. The crew fought bravely to avoid disaster, but the ship finally crashed upon an unknown and dangerous coral reef. Fortunately, the men were able to make their way to land through the mountainous surf. They carried with them the gold and provisions to the shore of Wake Island. That gold was buried in the sand.

“Then another disaster followed. It was discovered that there was no fresh water on the island. In desperation the men worked against the time when their own water supply would be gone. After three weeks of unceasing labor, they built two small boats from the wreckage of the *Libelle*.

“Exhausted and near starvation, they set out to sea in the crude, open boats. Through storms, winds, and heavy tropical rains they carried on. Eventually one boat reached Guam, but the Captain and his boat were lost forever. When word of the disaster finally reached Honolulu, another ship set out to recover the hidden treasure of gold. But storms flooded the island, and they were forced to turn back. My friends, to this day that treasure has never been found.

“All that remains of the *Libelle* is the great anchor standing over there in the park. And somewhere around us lies that golden treasure, still buried in the sand!”

Later that night, Timmy lay awake for a long, long time. Tired though he was by the day's adventures, his thoughts were filled with the story of the shipwreck of the *Libelle*. Before he finally drifted off to sleep, he firmly resolved to return to Wake some day and uncover that treasure for himself!

## LOG BOOK

SHIP: P.A.A. Hotel.

POSITION: Wake Island (distance from California—4,893 mi.).

TIME: 10 P.M. (One hour gained from Midway.)

WITNESS: Timmy Blake, San Francisco, California.

COMMENTS:

We crossed the International Date Line and gained a whole day today. Then we landed at Wake where it is nice and warm. This is a treasure island, too. I wish I could dig up that gold somewhere!

Mr. Barton showed me how they measure the wind speed out here. The men send up a small red balloon, then with an instrument they follow its flight and plot the course on a chart. They read this chart and radio a report clear back to San Francisco. This helps to make up the flight forecast Captain Day told me about.

We are staying over a whole day, and am I glad! Spearfishing tomorrow! Wonder if I can catch anything?

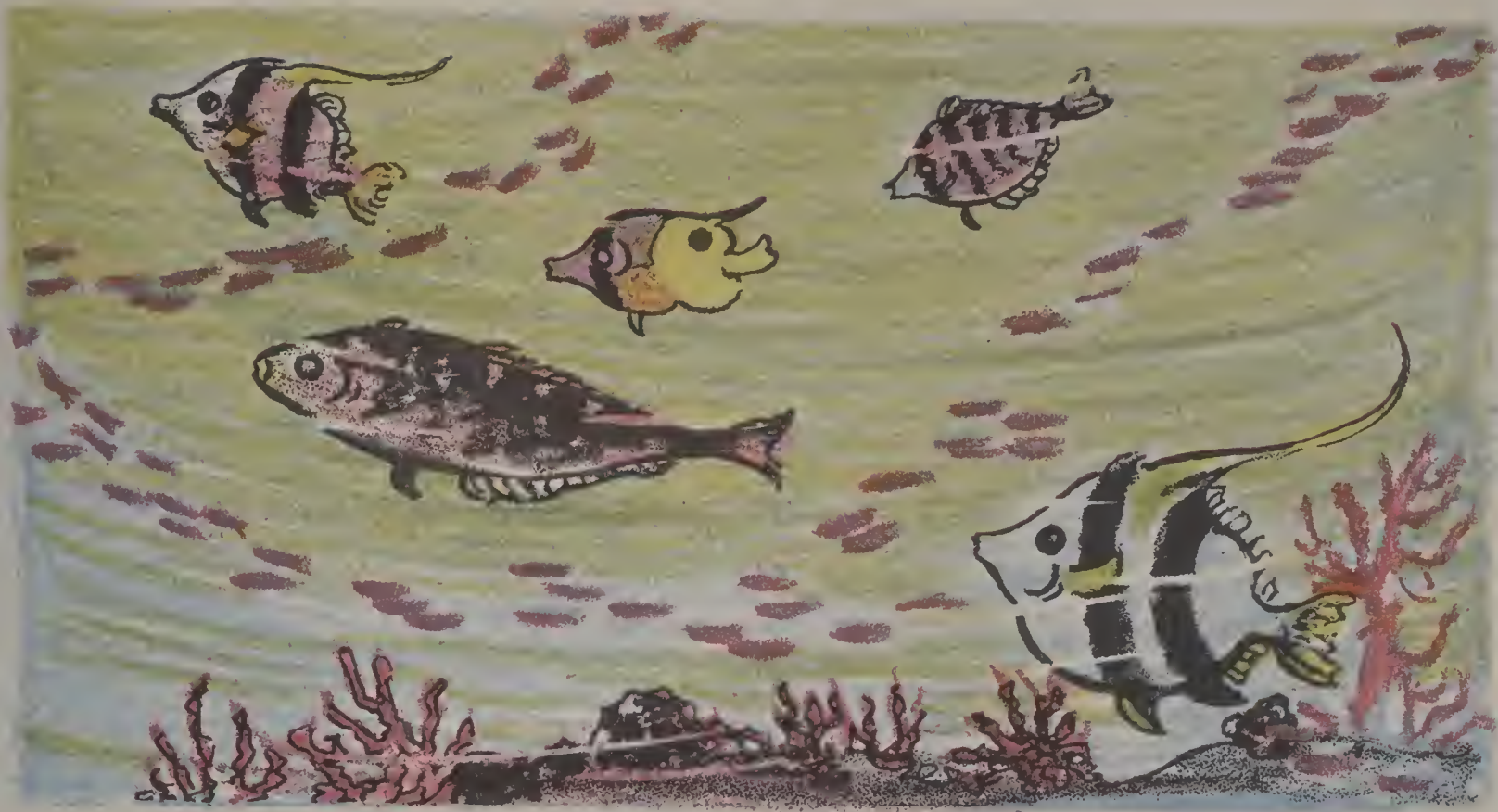
All for tonight—glad I'm not a hermit crab. They have to scrape around all night hunting for food.

Sleep, sleep, sleep.

DATE: December 21, Sunday.

T. Blake





## CHAPTER V

### A WORLD UNDER WATER

A soft tropical breeze rippled the bright waters of the lagoon as Mr. Barton pulled a small boat from the landing the next morning. Alert and bright-eyed, Timmy sat in the stern beside Jane Lee, who as usual carried her sketch pad and water colors.

Jane remarked, "Rather than spears and goggles, I've armed myself with pencils and paint brushes for this day's adventures."

Mr. Barton smiled as he pulled in the oars and anchored the boat in a shallows some eight feet deep not far from shore. "We'll see that you have good use for them," he promised, bending down to arrange the goggles and spearfishing equipment.

Jane looked puzzled. "I don't yet see how you can possibly spear fish under water," she declared.

"Oh, it's quite simple," returned the Flight Steward. He raised one of the slender spears and continued: "These shafts are only about five feet long. We shoot them through a four-inch bamboo tube which has long rubber bands attached to one end. It acts



very much like a slingshot.” As he finished speaking, he lifted the glass-bottomed box from the hold of the boat and handed it to Timmy and Jane Lee. “Before we dive in,” he suggested, “have a look at the living rainbows down there. As I told Timmy, there are more varieties of small tropical fish to be found here than in any other place in the world.”

Staring through the glass into the clear depths of the lagoon, Timmy and Jane Lee watched in wonder many colorful fish as they drifted slowly into view. There were parrot fish, with blue and green stripes and with mouths like beaks; banner fish with trailing white top fins; turkey fish with long tan and white streamers spread about their bodies like real turkey feathers.

“How perfectly their names fit them,” exclaimed Jane Lee.

For a half hour the two sat spellbound, gazing into that mysterious world below. Once Timmy gasped aloud in actual delight



as a brilliant golden angel fish slipped suddenly over the floor of the lagoon. Then came calico-colored gypsy fish, varicolored coral fish, and a thousand others that even Mr. Barton could not name.

Presently he said, "Suppose we dive below now, and try our hand at spearing some for ourselves."

The boy seethed with excitement as Mr. Barton adjusted the goggles which fitted around the eyes and over the nose.

"When you dive," instructed the man, "be sure to breathe in deeply. This causes a suction that will keep your goggles airtight."

"Why do you wear your tennis shoes?" asked Jane Lee.

"Because the coral cuts and scratches your feet."

Poised and expectant, Timmy stood ready to dive. When Mr. Barton gave the signal, both took a deep breath and plunged headlong into the cool depths of the lagoon.

A moment later Timmy swam over the ocean floor, when suddenly he saw the Flight Steward draw his arm back to send his spear into a large spotted fish. Then, unable to hold his breath longer, he followed Mr. Barton to the surface.

"Where's your fish?" gasped Timmy, clutching the side of the boat.

His companion replied by diving into the lagoon and reappearing a moment later with a prickly porcupine fish on the end of his spear. He tossed it into the boat at Jane Lee's feet and prepared to try again.

"It's your turn now, young man," he said. "You saw how it is done."

The boy hoped that he, too, would catch one this time! Down, down, down, he went into the cool waters once more. Reaching the floor, he waited until a queer mottled fish swam toward him. Then his heart quickened as he took aim and pulled back the rubber sling. He scarcely dared hope to hit the fish, so awkward

and clumsy he felt trying to stand on the lagoon floor. But with an accuracy that surprised even himself, he sent the spear through the body of the fish, and rose to the surface for air.

“Good for you!” cried Mr. Barton admiringly. “You certainly learn quickly. Many grown men have never been able to spear fish like that.”

Timmy felt quite proud of himself at these words of praise. Still a bit bewildered by his success, he dove down once more to recover his prize.

“It’s a guppy fish,” said Mr. Barton upon examining it. He removed it from the spear and tossed it into the boat. “Want to try again?”

Timmy caught three other fish that afternoon; a parrot fish, a snapper, and another guppy. He missed the convict fish whose six black stripes should have made a good target.

Several hours later he was still unwilling to return to shore, but it was growing late and Mr. Barton had other things to do. On the way to shore, Jane Lee displayed a number of drawings which she had made of the expedition.

“Those will look great in your magazine,” commented Mr. Barton.

At the pier, the trio learned that a fishing launch had just arrived from beyond the coral reef. A group of passengers from the Clipper Ship stood idly about, discussing their afternoon’s haul.

Timmy quickly spotted Mr. Lang’s familiar face among the crew, and ran over to talk to him. “It was the finest fishing trip I’ve ever been on,” the man declared with enthusiasm. “See that yellowtail? It weighs eighty pounds! And look at the size of that barracuda. Forty pounds or my name’s not Bob Lang!”

“What are those other fish?” asked Timmy eagerly. He suddenly felt like one seasoned fisherman talking to another.



*He took aim and pulled back the rubber sling*

“One,” said Mr. Lang, “is an ulua. The other is a fighting wahoo. And believe me, it was a ‘wahoo’ to land!”

The men all laughed and agreed that in their opinion Wake Island held a record for splendid fishing.

The afternoon was beginning to wane, so Timmy followed the Flight Steward back toward the hotel. Although the sun was sinking fast, the air was still warm and fragrant with the tang of the sea. Suddenly Timmy’s eyes fell upon a bright blue object half buried in the sand. It was a glass ball, about the size of a tennis ball. It was hollow, too, and the boy could see little bubbles in it as he held it up to the light.

“That is a float from a Japanese fishing vessel,” said Mr. Barton. “Currents and wind have carried it all the way from Japan. The floats come in very often, and we pick up all different sizes on the beach.”

Timmy kept the ball for a souvenir, and the two trudged slowly on their way. Weary now, Timmy rested an hour before dressing.

Dinner that night held another happy surprise for the boy. Captain Day invited him to dine at the officer’s table. Timmy was even hungrier than usual. But he was not the only one, for the men, too, ate with hearty appetites.

Later the boy strolled down to the beach alone. To the last day of his life, the beat of the surf upon the coral reef would always recall to him this far-away island. As he sat alone on the beach, dreaming in the moonlight, his ears became attuned to many strange sounds; the lap of waves upon the wet sand, the scraping of hermit crabs across the beach, the cry of a lonely tern. It was a never-to-be-forgotten moment in his young life, and he made many plans for the day when he would return to visit Wake again.

# LOG BOOK

SHIP: Pan American Hotel on shore.

POSITION: Wake Island.

TIME: 10:15 P.M.

WITNESS: Timmy Blake, San Francisco, California.

COMMENTS:

Wake has the most beautiful little tropical fish I have ever seen! Miss Lee says she likes the tiny blue damsel fish the best. I do, too. They swim by in schools and look like streaks of bright blue paint in the water, only they shine.

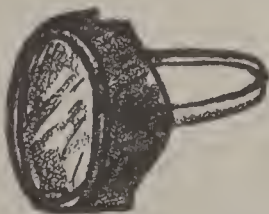
I really do like to spear fish. Mr. Barton said I was the best pupil he ever had. Lots of men try and try to spear fish, and never catch a thing, either.

Dinner with Captain Day and the officers was fun. We ate some tomatoes that are grown here on Wake. They came from plants that don't have any soil. Their roots grow in long tanks full of chemicals. They are good tomatoes, too.

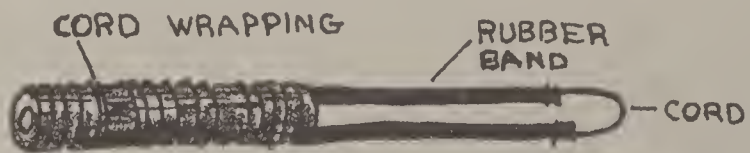
We start for Guam tomorrow at six in the morning. Captain Day said the big storm had passed and the way is clear. Goodbye 'til tomorrow.

T. Blake

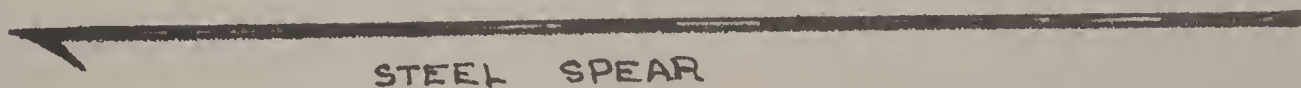
DATE: Monday, December 22nd.



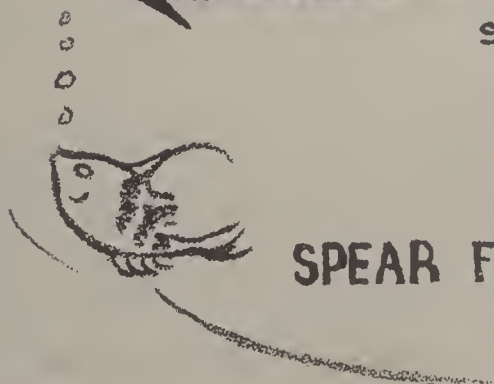
GOOGLES TO FIT  
OVER NOSE



CORD WRAPPING RUBBER BAND  
HALLOW BAMBOO SLING CORD



STEEL SPEAR



SPEAR FISHING EQUIPMENT





## CHAPTER VI

### THROUGH THE CLOUDS TO GUAM

The storm which had delayed them had suddenly abated, and the passengers of the Clipper Ship were eager to begin the fourth leg of their flight. Long before the ship was ready to take off the following morning, they gathered at the landing anxious to go aboard. Soon the motors began to hum and they climbed down the hatchway, keenly aware that a new port was only ten flying hours away. The signal came, and the great plane began to plow its way through the green waters of the lagoon.

Now the coral reef faded rapidly behind them as the plane lifted and gained altitude. So skilled were the Captain and his crew, that the plane seemed actually to fly with the ease of a bird, unaided by human hands.

Fifteen hundred miles westward lay the tiny mountainous Isle of Guam, a lonely United States Naval Station until the coming of the Clipper Ships. Fifteen hundred miles of travel as the gull flies, through cloud-dappled skies, their only companion the

shadow of the plane skimming over the whitecapped sea below.

Timmy had gone straightway to the lounge, where he now sat studying a collection of shells that belonged to a Mr. Mason, a passenger who had become interested in the youth. He was a genial old man, bright of eye and friendly. He wore a Van Dyke beard that made him look like a college professor.

“By the way,” he remarked to Timmy, “I have a book here on boats. All types of boats, from those first built by primitive man down to our modern liners. Would you care to look it over?”

“Yes, indeed,” said Timmy quickly. “I love boats.”

Opening the book, he began to study its pages with great interest. Finally he came to a picture of an old Spanish galleon, and Mr. Mason stopped him to say, “Let me tell you an interesting story about some Spanish ships. It happened four hundred years ago when the great explorer, Magellan, set sail from Spain in one of those tiny ships. King Ferdinand had given him command of five ships to seek a new route to China.

“The galleons were loaded with bracelets, knives, velvets, fish-hooks, glass mirrors, and thousands of little bells. These were to be traded for spices and silks which the Spaniards did not produce in their own country.

“For weeks and weeks the small fleet sailed across the Atlantic Ocean. The men became discouraged and hungry, and finally mutiny broke out aboard several of the boats. The crews clamored to return to Spain, but Magellan compelled them to remain. He firmly believed that they would find an opening through which they could sail on to China.

“His dream came true. Before long, a passage which we now call the Straits of Magellan appeared before them. Through this they sailed into a larger body of water. In the words of Magellan it was, ‘ . . . a sea so vast that human minds can scarcely grasp it.’

We know this sea, now, as the calm and peaceful Pacific Ocean.

“Then came the most heartbreaking part of the journey. The fleet sailed on and on without sighting even an island from which they could replace their food supply and water. Men began to die of thirst and hunger. Their diet now consisted of wormy biscuits, even boiled leather hides. At last, after two years of untold suffering, Magellan brought his little fleet into the bay of the Isle of Guam.

“Here the natives swarmed upon the galleons in their open boats and stole everything in sight. The surprised and indignant Magellan named this group of islands the Ladrones, or Thieves. Only recently has this name been changed to the Marianas.

“After a short stop at Guam, Magellan directed his course to the Philippines. This ended in tragedy, for the great navigator was murdered there in a strange fight against a native king. Thence on, disaster overcame every ship but one, a little galleon named the *Victoria*, which somehow managed to reach home much the worse for its experiences. The *Victoria* is remembered in history, Timmy, as the first ship ever to sail around the world.”

The boy had listened attentively. Now Mr. Mason stared out the window of the plane thoughtfully. “I wonder,” he mused, “what the sailors on those little galleons would have thought had they seen a Clipper Ship like this flying over their heads?”

“I think,” said Timmy, shaking his head, “that I’d rather be up here than on a galleon.” He returned the book to its owner who now rose to join another group of passengers.

Presently Jane Lee and Mr. Lang strolled into the lounge and sat down by Timmy. Until lunch they talked together, for the most part of Wake Island and the buried treasure. As the time drew near for them to sight their new port, Timmy fixed his eyes upon the western horizon. Suddenly the boy saw a faint dark blur





across the sea. Less than ten hours from Wake, and land was sighted again in the distance.

“It looks like a mighty large island,” Timmy cried with enthusiasm, as they drew closer.

“Much larger than Midway or Wake,” agreed Mr. Lang. He was watching the island approach with great interest. “This will be my home for the next two years.”

“You’ll have an island thirty miles long and eight and one-half miles wide to roam around on during that time,” said Mr. Barton, who had quietly approached the group. “Did you know that the entire island is surrounded by coral reefs which force large ships to anchor a half mile off shore?”

“The passengers are driven to Agana, the capitol, in motor cars. Guam is also a naval base, and no ships enter the bay without permission of the government.”

“Are there many people on the island?” asked Timmy.

"I should say about twenty thousand, half of them living in Agana. The men of the United States Navy and their families have quarters there, too. The Navy practically runs the island, as the commanding Naval Officer is also the Governor. He lives in a small palace in the city."

"What are the natives like?" asked Timmy.

"You'll like the natives, Timmy. They are as happy and friendly as your own young friends. They are called Chamorros, and are dark-skinned like Filipinos. They have more love and respect for their parents than any other children in the world."

The Clipper Ship dipped lower now and Timmy watched Guam spread out below them. On they flew toward Sumay Point, and suddenly he had a wide view of the entire island. He saw spacious fields of rice and sugar cane, banked by green forests of tropical trees. Farther on, the quaint city of Agana surrounded the bay. He learned that here is one of those few places where American and Oriental customs blend happily together.

Down swooped the plane, its motors throttled so that the passengers scarcely knew when it touched the water. Again, as at Midway, a launch came out to meet them. On the way to shore, Timmy asked about a group of odd buildings to his left.

"Oh, that is an old Spanish fort," said Mr. Mason, who sat in the boat beside him. "During the Spanish-American War, it was shelled by an American ship whose men were unaware that the fort was empty. The Spanish people thought the shot was a salute and welcomed the American sailors warmly, only to find that their port had been seized. It was a strange battle in which a single shell captured an island without loss of life."

On shore, the passengers went to another modern hotel not far from the landing. There a clean comfortable room was in readiness for each guest.

P.A.A. OFFICE + HOTEL

LANDING AREA

MOORING BARGE



AGANA BAY

AGANA

GROTE PT.  
SUMAY

JUMALLONG  
MANGLO  
1274 FT

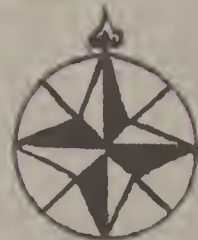
# ISLAND OF GUAM

(30 MI. LONG - 7 MI. WIDE)



CALLED "LATEEN SAILS ISLAND"  
DISCOVERED BY MAGELLAN IN 1521  
POSSESSION OF SPAIN IN 1565  
CEDED TO U.S.A. IN 1898  
A COMMONWEALTH IN 1935

DISTANCE FROM CALIF. 6,401 MILES  
TIME CHANGE FROM CALIF. 6 HOURS





Inasmuch as it was late in the afternoon, Mr. Barton invited Timmy to explore the town of Agana before dark. "I have both a car and a surprise in store for you," he said.

Timmy followed him outside the hotel. The surprise proved to be a dark-skinned native boy about Timmy's age. He wore a pair of short khaki pants and a clean white shirt. On his head was a large peaked straw hat.

"This is Vincente," said the Flight Steward. "We call him Ben for short. He rides out here on the mail truck from Agana each time the Clipper Ship comes in. We are going to drive him home now, so that you may see the country and become acquainted with each other."

At first Ben proved a little shy, but after the first few miles, he began to talk rapidly. He spoke English quite well, even though he usually spoke Chamorro when not in school. He was very proud of the beautiful countryside, and eagerly pointed out the

rice paddies. These were being plowed by strange animals that Timmy had never seen before. They were slow-moving creatures, and Timmy almost laughed aloud as he watched them plod heavily along. "They are funny-looking things," he murmured. "All humps and horns."

"Those are carabao, or water buffalo," said Ben. "My uncle has four on his land near the mountains. His strongest one pulls his cart to market when he comes to town. The cart is very heavy and has solid wheels. He brings copra to market every little while. He doesn't need much money because he grows almost everything that he needs."

"The natives here don't have horses," added Mr. Barton. "Instead, they use carabao and other cattle. I've watched boys ride cows to town quite as easily as you would ride a pony, Timmy."

On they drove, under coconut palms, through clumps of little native huts with quaint thatched roofs.

"Our house is thatched," said Ben. "I think you'll like it. I want to show you my pet rooster when we reach home. His name is Fuerte, which means Strong. Some day he will be a champion fighter."

"Do you have cockfights out here?" asked Timmy in surprise. He knew that it was not permitted in the United States.

"Yes, we do, and it is great sport. But," the boy added, "I like baseball best. I am the catcher on our team at school. Everybody likes baseball in Agana."

"Do you like school, too?"

"Yes," Ben hesitated. "That is, most of the time. We boys go to school in the mornings. We learn to work with wood and metal. We also learn how to repair automobiles and how to farm. The girls go during the afternoons. They learn to sew and make lace and to keep house."

“You should see the children do their setting-up exercises each morning before school,” remarked Mr. Barton. “They all go to the plaza in front of the Government House where they do their exercises. Afterwards, the American Flag is raised while they sing *All Hail To Thee, Our Noble Flag*.”

“I’d like to watch them,” said Timmy, “but I don’t suppose I can. Tomorrow morning we’ll be on our way to Manila. Then,” he paused and his eyes suddenly shone, “only two more days and it will be Christmas.”

Ben looked happy, too. “I like Christmas,” he said. “We go to church and sing. Then we have a feast. All my cousins, aunts, and uncles come to our house. We hang beautiful red hibiscus flowers on our doors.”

While the boys chatted on, the car drew into a settlement. White houses began to appear about them. Some were Spanish with white walls; some were constructed of wood with iron roofs; others were built in the native style, with thatched roofs of palms or bamboo. The larger buildings were the Governor’s palace and Government offices. These were grouped around a lovely plaza lined with palms. Timmy saw many United States Navy officers with members of their families walking slowly about this part of the city.

“I think we’d better visit the shops and markets before we take Ben home,” said Mr. Barton.

Here they left the car and walked down the main street of colorful Agana. Timmy thoroughly enjoyed the markets—the long rows of straw baskets, queer hats, woven mats, and other native ware displayed for sale.

Ben touched Timmy’s arm and pointed to a white building across the street. “That,” he said with much pride, “is one of our motion picture houses. See all the bright posters outside? I

sure like pictures. I think I like cowboy pictures best. We shout and stomp and have a good time at the movies.”

Presently they reached Ben's house. It was a simple little native house built on a narrow street that was lined with similar modest homes. They looked so much alike that Timmy wondered how Ben could tell his own home from the others.

Ben paused before the little house and smiled proudly at Timmy. By his manner Timmy would have thought they were entering a palace. But a palace it certainly was not. The walls were white with blue slats covering the cracks. The steep thatched roof was made of coconut palms woven around poles. Wooden ladders like steps led up to the front door. The windows had no glass, but there were wooden shutters which were closed at night.

Now, some of Ben's brothers and sisters ran out to meet them. Ben's mother stood in the door and invited them inside.

Upon entering, the first thing that caught Timmy's eyes was a shrine that stood in one corner of the room. There a candle burned before the statue of a Saint. This light was never allowed to go out. Looking about the room, Timmy saw that the walls were covered with religious pictures. There were only a few pieces of furniture; one small table and a bench along the wall. Chamorros use no chairs. They sit for hours in a squatting position without tiring. In one corner of the room stood a flat stove without a chimney. The smoke escaped through openings in the roof.

Timmy found Ben's home very interesting, and Ben's mother very kind. From a great bowl of native fruits, she took some large ripe bananas and gave them to the children.

Timmy would have liked to remain awhile longer, but Mr. Barton reminded him that it was time to return to the hotel. Already it was growing dark outside and lights began to glimmer here and there about the city. Ben came racing around the side

of the building holding Fuerte, the rooster, in his arms. As the car moved away he sent a wistful glance after his visitors. "Good-bye," he called softly.

Timmy remarked that the air was still very damp and warm. "Guam is in the torrid zone," said Mr. Barton. "It is hot here most of the time. And the air is so damp that residents keep a light burning in their closets to prevent their clothing from becoming mildewed."

Timmy, however, liked the warm evening air. "I think I'll swim before eating," he declared, to which Mr. Barton nodded absently.

An hour later, refreshed and very hungry, the boy sat down to dinner in the hotel. There were many native dishes from which he carefully made his choice: roast pig, turkey, fish, taro, and pumpkin tips cooked in coconut milk; native rice, colored a bright orange with annato berries, and many other island fruits for dessert. The fruit bowls brimmed with mangoes, pineapples, coconuts, bananas, and breadfruit.

When the meal was over, Mr. Lang and Jane Lee invited the boy to attend the theatre with them. The moving picture theatre for Americans was located on a hill behind Sumay. It was a queer structure with three open sides and a roof of corrugated iron. The guests sat on hard folding seats. Timmy observed there were many naval men and their families here. It was built for Americans only.

Later, when Timmy prepared for bed and turned out the light, a strange chirping noise aroused him. It seemed to come from the nearest wall. Rising, he turned on the light once more and to his surprise and amusement saw three little lizards on the window sill. When he moved toward them, they darted suddenly away. Timmy learned later they were called island canary birds and that they made their homes in houses on the island. People accepted them because they came out at night to eat insects.



The incident of the three little lizards reminded him that he had forgotten to write in his log book. When he completed this task, he crept back into his bed and soon fell fast asleep.

## LOG BOOK

SHIP: P. A. A. Hotel.

POSITION: Guam (6,401 miles from California).

TIME: 10:30 P.M.

WITNESS: Timmy Blake, San Francisco, California.

COMMENTS:

Mr. Barton told me that Guam is called the Lateen Sails Island because the natives here use a canoe that has a funny square sail by that name. And speaking of sails, we flew over the big supply ship this morning. It was a beautiful four-masted sailing ship, like the real clipper ships of long ago. Captain Day flew low at about a thousand feet and circled around it once. They say this supply ship comes out to the islands along the route once every six months.

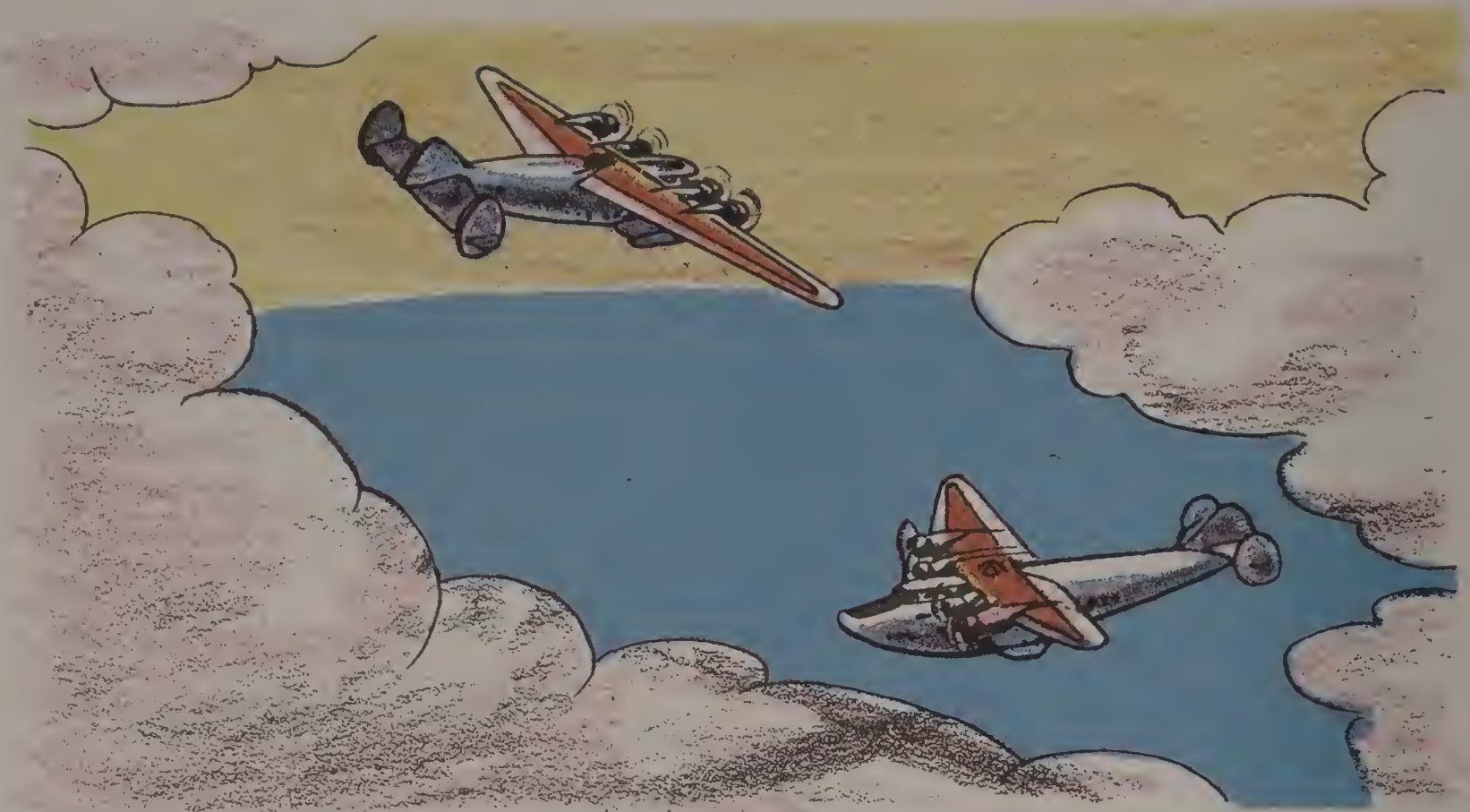
Mr. Lang said the natives here at Guam love funerals and weddings. They call a wedding feast a Fandango. Ben told me that the natives are afraid of the dark. At night they shut all their doors and window shutters to keep out evil spirits. Isn't that funny? And Guam has lots of lizards. Some of them grow to be four feet long.

Signing off for now. Manila ahead. Leave at 6 A.M.

DATE: Tuesday, December 23rd.

T. Blake





## CHAPTER VII

### CHRISTMAS EVE IN MANILA

In the hushed hours before dawn, Timmy awoke to the sound of soft footsteps of Chamorro servant boys passing by his window on their way to the hotel kitchen. Though no passengers were up, Timmy decided to investigate the early morning life in Sumay for himself.

Silently he dressed and slipped along the dark, dark walk which led to the hold of steaming pots and pans and fiery ovens. Here he watched busy cooks prepare savory dishes for the hotel guests, while other cooks packed food into containers to be taken aboard the Clipper Ship for luncheon on the flight to Manila. Timmy followed a cartload of these containers into the open air.

It was a pleasant relief to leave the stuffy kitchen and to stand on the landing to gaze about the quiet beauty of the bay. Now the sky began to show the first glow of dawn, and presently as darkness faded, lights that twinkled along the pier were turned off. The boy's eyes followed the dark outline of the Clipper Ship

on toward the shore where clusters of native palms cut jagged shadows against the fast lightening sky. The air was warm and fragrant still, and he drew in a deep breath as a light breeze ruffled the thick hair on his forehead.

Timmy's daydream came to an end with the sound of chimes issuing from the hotel announcing breakfast. Quickly he returned to meet Jane Lee at a table near one of the open windows of the dining room.

"I had to struggle to get up," said Jane with a sleepy yawn. "The tropics must have cast their spell on me, I guess."

"I've been up for hours," laughed Timmy. "I think I was the first person to awake excepting the cooks."

When breakfast was over, Timmy and Jane Lee hurried outside to board the launch that would carry the passengers to the Clipper Ship. As they walked down the landing, Timmy heard a familiar voice call his name.

"Mr. Lang!" cried the boy in delight.

"I nearly missed seeing you off," said the man, clearing his throat. "The sun hasn't risen, and I don't like getting up in the dark."

"We appreciate your thought," said Jane Lee. "Our trio has dwindled to a pair. So you'll have to bid us a tearful farewell."

"No tears," declared Mr. Lang. "But I will admit that I'm going to be mighty lonely without you two. Perhaps Timmy, when you return, I'll have a naval base built for you to play in."

Their short visit had come to an end, and Timmy and Jane Lee, after waving a sad farewell to their companion, hurried aboard the launch. They felt a bit downhearted, but each tried not to show it.

At exactly six o'clock the plane rose skyward and headed west for another island, the island of Luzon where the great city of

Manila lay ready to receive them. This leg of their flight would be a long one, for Manila was 1508 miles beyond Guam. As a result there would be about ten hours' flying time to while away before the plane reached its destination.

Meantime, a keen feeling of excitement began to cause conversation between the passengers. Captain Day had told them that they would pass a sister Clipper on her way back to the States. It had been delayed at Manila because of bad weather conditions.

"Will we pass near enough to see it well?" inquired Timmy of Mr. Barton.

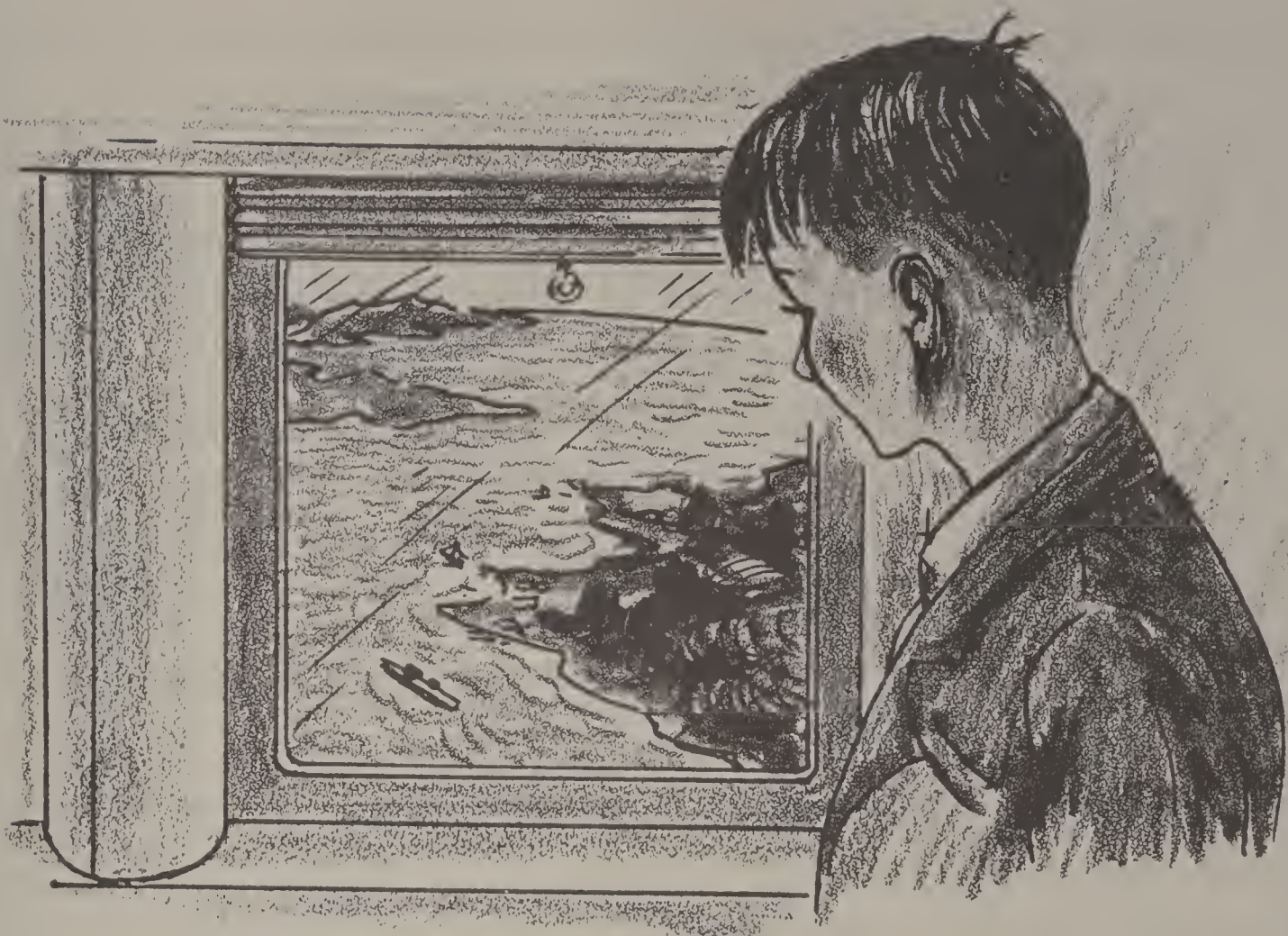
"I believe so," returned the Flight Steward. "We are in communication with their radio operator right now. I think the Captains have agreed to fly close enough to give all the passengers an opportunity to see the other plane."

All morning Timmy kept his eyes glued upon the cloud-flecked sky. From time to time the plane glided into the midst of a fleecy cloud bank that blotted out his view entirely. This worried the boy, lest the sister ship might pass unnoticed. Shortly before noon, however, a message was sent down from the control deck bidding all passengers to keep watch off the starboard side.

"Here she comes!" shouted Timmy delightedly. His sharp eyes spotted the other silvery form before his fellow passengers did.

Now everyone crowded to the windows to stare eagerly as the other sky giant went by, nine thousand feet above the level of the sea. So expertly had each Captain directed his course that the planes passed within waving distance. Their radios buzzed rapidly exchanging greetings as the planes sped on toward their destinations.

For a long while then the passengers in Timmy's ship continued to discuss the incident which had just occurred. Luncheon however, put an end to their enthusiasm. Off the port side as he ate,



Timmy saw a long black steamer making its way laboriously through the water toward a group of blue green islands that were faintly visible in the afternoon haze.

He rose from his seat with shining eyes. Had they reached their new port so soon?

But when questioned, Mr. Barton shook his head. "No," he said. "That isn't Manila. Remember there are seven thousand islands in this part of the Pacific."

Now Timmy could see many tree-covered islands spring rapidly into view. The vivid green of the rich foliage and the deep blue of the tropical sea resembled a brilliant landscape painting in the afternoon sun.

After a while Mr. Barton pointed out an island much larger than the rest. "That," he announced with a twinkle in his eyes, "is the island of Luzon. Very soon, we shall be going ashore."

Crossing the island, the passengers were able to see thousands of rice paddies being cultivated by the Filipinos with their ever faithful carabao. Shortly a city spread out beneath them a portion of which was surrounded by a thick stone wall. Mr. Barton informed them that this was the Old City of Manila and that the walls encircled the old city for a distance of two and one-half miles. Here and there traces of the original moats were still visible as the plane passed over this ancient Spanish fortress. Timmy saw that the houses were quaint and colorful with narrow streets dividing their long rows. The city is still a bit of old Spain, even today.

“We’ll visit it tonight,” said Jane Lee, whose curiosity was aroused by the scene below them.

Now, the magnificent city of Manila appeared, winding along the green banks of a river all the way to its delta. Great modern bridges spanned the river, linking the older quarter with the new. The harbor was almost as extensive as the one in San Francisco, revealing numerous long docks around which lay ships flying flags of all nations. Timmy thought Manila well worth its reputation as one of the finest cities in the entire Orient.

“Our base,” said Mr. Barton, “is at Cavite, directly across the bay from Manila. The United States Naval Base is also located there. Do you see the battleships ahead?”

Timmy nodded and studied the view thoughtfully as the Clipper Ship lost altitude, circling cautiously to make certain the way was clear. Then it glided gracefully into the waters of Manila Bay, and taxied up to the terminal building.

A joyous crowd awaited them as the passengers filed up the landing to the shore. Looking around in the warm, bright sunlight, it seemed very strange to Timmy to hear cries of “Merry Christmas” in this warm tropical city. The boy gazed in bewilderment at the high, thatched roof of the terminal building.



# MANILA ISLAND OF LUZON

DISCOVERED BY MAGELLAN IN 1542.  
ANNEXED TO SPAIN IN 1865.  
CEDED TO UNITED STATES IN 1898.  
A COMMONWEALTH IN 1935.

DISTANCE FROM CALIF. 7,990 MILES.  
A GROUP OF MORE THAN 7000  
ISLANDS.

At this moment Jane came up and clutched his arm. "Timmy!" she cried, "instead of going to the Manila Hotel, how would you like to join the Macks and me in a Christmas Eve party?"

Timmy was delighted to accept the invitation. He had been wondering exactly what he would do to pass away the time. The Macks, he soon discovered, were a young American couple who, upon learning of Timmy's destination, determined to show him as much of the city as possible during his brief stay overnight.

The customs officers delayed Jane Lee's and Timmy's departure for a short time, then Mr. Mack led them to a large American-made car by the road.

"Why," said Timmy, examining it, "your steering wheel is on the right hand side!"

Mr. Mack laughed. "You're an observing young man," he declared, "to have discovered that so soon. All automobiles in the Orient have right hand drives as we travel on the opposite side of the streets here."

Now the little party drove straightway in from Cavite to Manila, a distance of twenty-five miles. During the ride, Timmy glued his eyes on the landscape, drinking in all the sights along the way. "There's a carabao cart," he said, upon spying one. "I saw many of those on Guam."

"You're right, Timmy," returned Mrs. Mack. "Our native houses are similar to those on Guam, too, with their log foundations and thatched roofs."

Timmy found the natives here quite as interesting as the countryside. The women wear dresses of pineapple cloth with wide collars and high pointed sleeves. Cool white cotton trousers and shirts seem to be the favorite costume of the men. Once the boy waved gaily to a group of natives standing by the road as the car sped by, and received a friendly greeting in return.



Presently the city of Manila came into view, and soon Mr. Mack was guiding the car down long avenues lined by dense tropical shade trees. Enthralled, Timmy saw every nation represented in his midst. Here was a Hindu wearing a bulky white turban, and there a Turk, his red fez a little askew. Now a priest, clothed in ceremonial black, silently strode by, his hands clasped as though he were in prayer. Chinese coolies ran nimbly about, wearing strange little black skull caps.

Soon Mr. Mack left the business section and drove slowly down a lovely new road that skirted the north banks of the Pasig River. In a short time, the car drew up before a smart modern apartment house where the Macks made their home. Inside the cool, air-conditioned building, Timmy and Jane were to spend one of the pleasantest evenings of their entire trip.

When dinner was over, the Macks led their guests into the living room where a tiny Christmas tree decorated the library table. "It came all the way from the States," explained Mrs. Mack. "It simply wouldn't be Christmas without a tree, and they don't grow here." There were little gifts for everyone tucked around its base; gifts that caused many chuckles when they were opened.

Later the party drove in to visit the Old City of Manila. It looked quite different now to Timmy, and reminded him just a little of faraway California with its own Spanish influence. Aimlessly the little group wandered through rough narrow streets where balconies seemed almost to touch. Timmy bought souvenirs to take to his friends back home, and ate bits of Spanish sweets that were offered for sale.

"I think I would like to live in Manila," Jane Lee remarked dreamily as they made their way back to the car. "But," she sighed, "tomorrow we'll be on our way to the Land of Owl-tailed Fish and Golden Dragons."

“Off to Hong Kong!” cried Timmy joyously, thrilled by the prospect of new lands to conquer. “I wonder how they celebrate Christmas in China.”

“That,” promised Jane mysteriously, “is something you will have to learn for yourself, young man.”

### LOG BOOK

SHIP: On shore in Manila.

POSITION: Island of Luzon, P. I. (7,990 miles from California).

TIME: 11 P.M.

MATERIAL ENTERED BY: Timmy Blake, San Francisco, Calif.

COMMENTS:

It is Christmas Eve in Manila, and only five hours' flying time to China. I wonder if Uncle George and Aunt Kate will be glad to see me. It has been three years since they visited us in San Francisco.

It is warm and damp here just as at Guam. I like it because I don't have to wear any heavy clothes. I bought some Christmas presents in the Old City of Manila tonight. I took a ride in a *carmatta*, too. It was fun. A *carmatta* is a black buggy covered with lots of shiny brass. A tiny horse pulls it around the streets. Our driver gave Jane and me a real fast ride. The Filipinos go to church a great deal at Christmas time. They say, *Buenas Pasquas*, which means, “Merry Christmas.” They speak Spanish as much as English. They hang star-shaped lanterns in their windows instead of holly wreaths.

And so for China across the China Sea tomorrow! We leave at 7 in the morning.

T.

DATE: Wednesday, December 24.





## CHAPTER VIII

### HONG KONG, HARBOR OF FRAGRANT STREAMS

Dark clouds spilled a heavy rain upon the island of Luzon the next morning as the Clipper climbed into the sky. So far the trip had been made under pleasant flying conditions, but on this Christmas morning the skies wept dismally.

“It isn’t really a serious storm,” Mr. Barton informed Timmy and Jane Lee as the latter regarded their dark surroundings. “In a few moments we’ll be above the clouds where the sun is always shining.”

Proceeding to their compartment, Timmy and the young woman observed that they had picked up many new passengers at Manila. There were a number of well-groomed Chinese men and women aboard now. Timmy learned later that Chinese are very air-minded, and whenever they can, make the trip by air.

The mist surrounding the plane began to thin away, and suddenly the plane broke through the clouds to rise into sunlight again. At ten thousand feet it leveled off and cruised steadily



toward the China coast. Below them spread a wide expanse of silvery cloud banks. Great white mountains billowed above dark cloud valleys that stretched for endless miles.

Timmy stared reflectively at the cloud country until Mr. Barton called him. "Captain Day told me that I could bring you upstairs for a short visit again."

The boy leaped to his feet and followed the Flight Steward up to the control deck.

"Glad to see you, Timmy," Captain Day said kindly. "I thought perhaps you might like another chance to look us over before our trip ends."

"My!" cried Timmy eagerly, "I didn't think I'd be able to come up again. It's mighty kind of you, sir."

At this moment, Mr. Stone, the Navigation Officer whom Timmy had met on Wake Island, walked over and addressed the boy. "We're going to take a shot at the sun to reckon our position, by mixing a soda of radio waves and sunbeams," he said.

Timmy grinned with delight as Mr. Stone led him up into a tiny compartment a little behind and above the control deck. Here, through a small glass dome, the man held up a bubble octant which proved to be a delicate instrument that enabled him to determine the position of the ship with reference to the sun. Then he carefully drew a horizontal line down a chart in front of him.

"This is what we call the sun line," he explained. "We'll go below now to get a radio bearing from Hong Kong."

When he received the report, Mr. Stone drew a parallel line across the same chart indicating the radio bearing. "The point where this line crosses the sun line marks our exact position," he explained.

He handed the chart to Captain Day and continued: "Every thirty minutes the radio operator reports our position to the stations on land."

Mr. Stone left Timmy, and Mr. Nelson, the First Officer called from the bridge. "Here, Timmy! I have a little show to put on for you, too."

In no time Timmy reached the bridge, where the First Officer said, "See what the sun and I are doing for your benefit?" His teeth flashed in a sudden smile as he finished speaking.

Timmy peered over the side and saw below him, outlined on the fleecy white of the clouds, the birdlike shadow of the plane, ever following. But the most wonderful part was that the shadow was encircled by a brilliant rainbow.

The men on the control deck thoroughly enjoyed Timmy's reaction. "We also enjoy seeing this," declared Captain Day, "as it doesn't occur very often and never fails to interest us. On a few occasions I have seen the same thing by moonlight, only of course the rainbow is not so brilliant."

Presently Mr. Barton reappeared and Timmy accompanied him

below. Hastily he ran over to Jane Lee and described what he had just witnessed.

Jane Lee nodded. "We watched it, too. I'd like to paint it some day. But in my picture there will be no feeling of flying ten thousand feet above the sea, nor listening to the whirring motors." She stared rather wistfully out upon the horizon.

At noon, Mr. Barton served a delicious Christmas luncheon, their last meal aboard the Clipper Ship. Each table was adorned with a tiny artificial tree topped with a silvery star. Opposite Timmy and Jane sat a charming Chinese woman, smartly attired in European clothes. She spoke to the pair in clear tones, and her English was flawless.

In reply to Timmy's question regarding the manner in which Christmas was celebrated in China, she said: "We Chinese have a holiday which we enjoy quite as thoroughly as you Americans do your Christmas. It is the Feast of Lanterns and it is held every year in the month of February. At this time all good Chinese welcome home the spirits of the honored dead. Chinese throughout the country hang many beautiful lanterns in their gardens. At night, after a day of feasting, we march with our lanterns, forming a long procession through the streets of the town.

"Such beautiful lanterns as they are! Some look like animals, some like men, and others like ships. They shine with lights from within, and are so large that often three or four men are required to carry a single lantern.

"At the very end of the procession there is always a monstrous dragon who showers little gifts from his mouth along the way. If you stay in China, be sure to see this festival, Timmy. You will never forget it, for it is unlike anything in your country."

"I'll try," promised Timmy. He liked this cultured Chinese woman immensely. "I'm going to stay in China until spring.

# ISLAND OF HONG KONG (BRITISH POSSESSION) CHINA



HONG KONG ISLAND.  
CEDED TO GR. BRITAIN IN 1841  
IS NOW MOST IMPORTANT PORT  
ON CHINA SEA AND THE  
GATEWAY TO SOUTH CHINA.  
DISTANCE FROM CALIFORNIA - 8,701 MI.  
HONG KONG (FRAGRANT STREAMS) IS ALSO  
UNOFFICIAL NAME FOR THE CITY.  
CORRECT NAME FOR CITY IS VICTORIA.

Then I am going to fly back to the States with my aunt and uncle.”

Jane Lee declared, “Unfortunately, I must return next week. But I want to hear all about this festival when you come home, Timmy.”

The boy was not too anxious to see the hills of China rise upon the horizon. It would be hard, indeed to say good-bye to friends like Jane Lee and Mr. Barton. But the thrill of exploration gradually took hold of him, and despite himself, he began to scan the sea for a first glimpse of land. Presently the Clipper Ship nosed out of a cloud bank, and there only faintly visible, lay the misty continent of Asia.

“We stop at Macao for thirty minutes before we continue to Hong Kong,” said Mr. Barton, as the ship rapidly approached the land.

“Macao,” murmured Jane Lee thoughtfully. “The city of Portuguese explorers in far-off China. A city whose three hundred years of history weave a colorful story for those who care to listen.”

Timmy began to notice boats in numbers on the sea below, pointing their prows toward distant corners of the earth. Now the Clipper Ship had descended to an altitude that permitted passengers to see strange, native fishing craft on their way toward home.

“Chinese junks!” cried Timmy, who recognized them from pictures he had seen. They were clumsy brown boats with high decks across the sterns where the steersman stood to guide their course through crowded waters. From the plane, these boats resembled strange bugs crawling slowly across the surface of the ocean.

As the plane approached a hilltop a lighthouse came into view, memorable because it was the first one of its kind ever to flash its beacon across the China Sea. Then—Macao!





The passengers gasped with delight as the plane descended into the waters of the crescent-shaped bay. Winding up from the waterfront were long rows of houses of pale yellow, blue, and pink; with an odd one here and there dotting the wooded headland. It was not at all like the China Timmy had pictured all these years in his imagination.

Timmy could see that China, too, has progressed and displays much European culture. But the waterfront is still crowded with picturesque old sampans and junks owned by the natives, for fishing is the chief industry of the city. Timmy caught a quick glance of an ancient temple and a tall dignified East Indian policeman who was directing traffic.

Now the plane rose again into the sky and within another thirty minutes the end of the journey flashed into view. Below them lay the Island of Hong Kong, with its lofty mountain peak, and the city of Victoria! The gateway to the whole of Southern

China, the Harbor of Fragrant Streams, and indeed one of the loveliest harbors in the world. Sapphire blue skies blended into the deeper blue of the sea. The air was hazy with the smoke of a thousand steamers.

Boats of every description ply their trades along this waterfront. Timmy gazed wide-eyed at snug homes that nestled comfortably in tiers upon the mountainside that overlooks the bay. Victoria, the boy later discovered, is a city of countless narrow streets and rows of stairs that lead up the slopes of the surrounding hills. He thought it strange, indeed, that while sedan chairs are carried expertly by sweating coolies in wide-brimmed, straw hats, street cars should clang noisily through the thoroughfares.

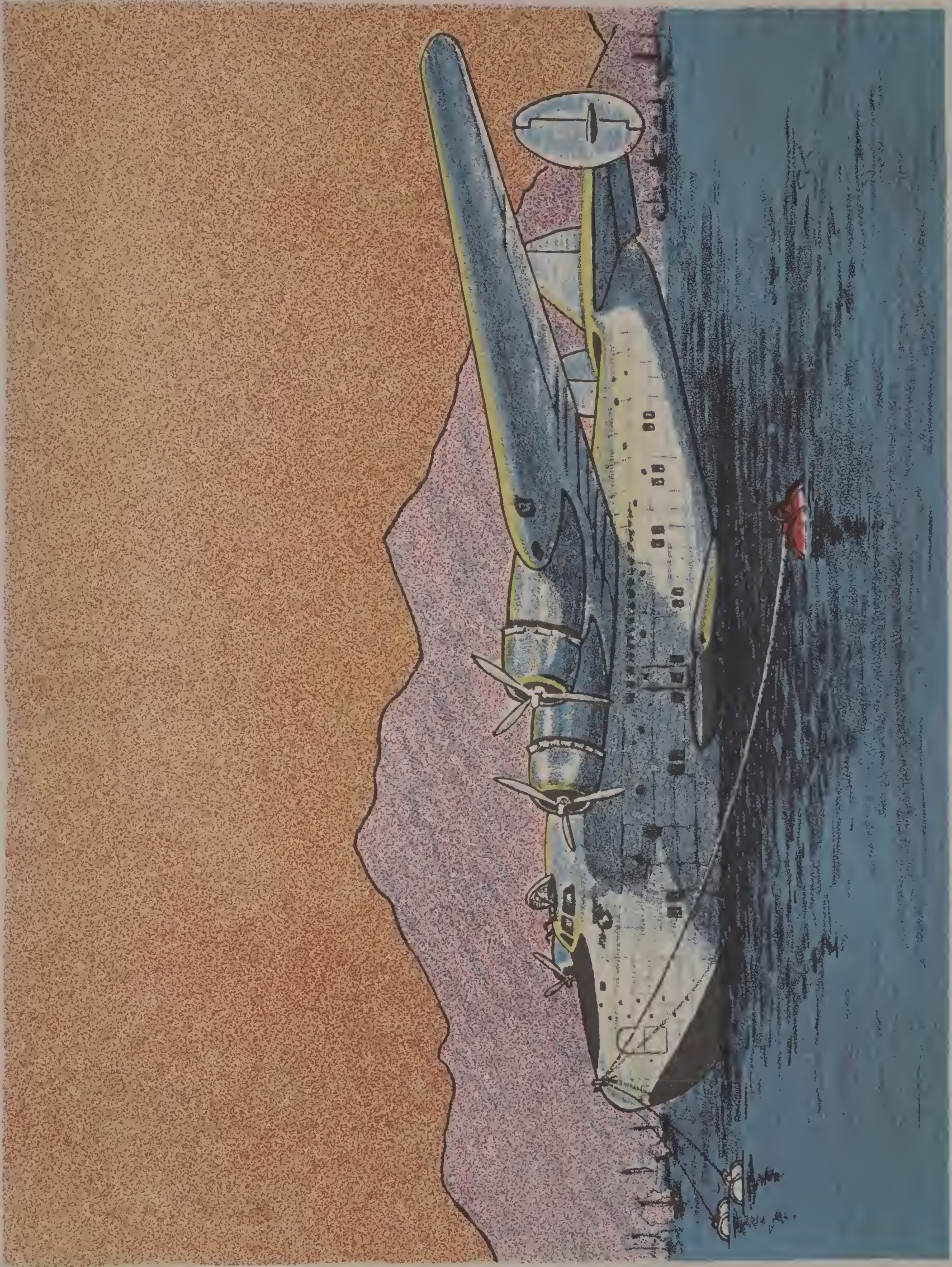
Thus the Clipper Ship ended its flight in the waters of Kowloon just across the bay from Hong Kong. It was a thrilling moment when the passengers actually stepped ashore. Their nine-thousand mile journey had come to an end—a journey that used to take even the fastest steamers nearly a month to complete.

Timmy Blake's heart beat rapidly as he walked up the pier. He was certainly now an experienced traveler. He had crossed over the great Pacific Ocean alone by plane. Somehow he knew that his parents were very proud of him. He was a little proud of himself.

At the gate he spied his aunt and uncle awaiting him and a moment later he was caught in a pair of strong arms.

"Timmy, boy!" cried his uncle, holding him at arms length. "You don't know how glad we are to see you!"

The boy laughed a bit shyly, as he looked up into the eyes of his favorite aunt. Then he said a little bewilderedly, "Even now, Uncle George, it seems funny to think I really am in China. I can't be dreaming, can I?"



*Thus the Clipper Ship ended its flight in the waters of Kowloon*

His uncle laughed aloud. "No, Timmy," he said, "you're not dreaming."

### LOG BOOK

SHIP: Trail's End in Hong Kong.

POSITION: China (8,749 miles from California).

TIME: 9:45 P.M.

MATERIAL ENTERED BY: Timmy Blake, San Francisco, Calif.

COMMENTS:

Boy! A lot can happen in a week! Here I am in Hong Kong. It is a wonderful city, full of ships, coolies, big government buildings, and homes all the way up the sides of the mountains. When I got here Uncle George and I sent a cablegram to Mother and Dad. Then I saw a lot of the city. We had Christmas dinner at a beautiful hotel with Miss Lee and Mr. Barton. I am going to miss Mr. Barton. He leaves for California on the Clipper Ship tomorrow.

Uncle George and Aunt Kate have a beautiful home high on the side of the hill. From the front gate we can see the bay full of ships. I love it here. I love the model Clipper Ship they gave me for Christmas. It is silver-colored and stands three feet long! It stands for more than that, too. It stands for the most wonderful trip in the whole world! And now my log book has come to an end. China ahead. . . .

DATE: Christmas Night, December 25.

T.





# PACIFIC

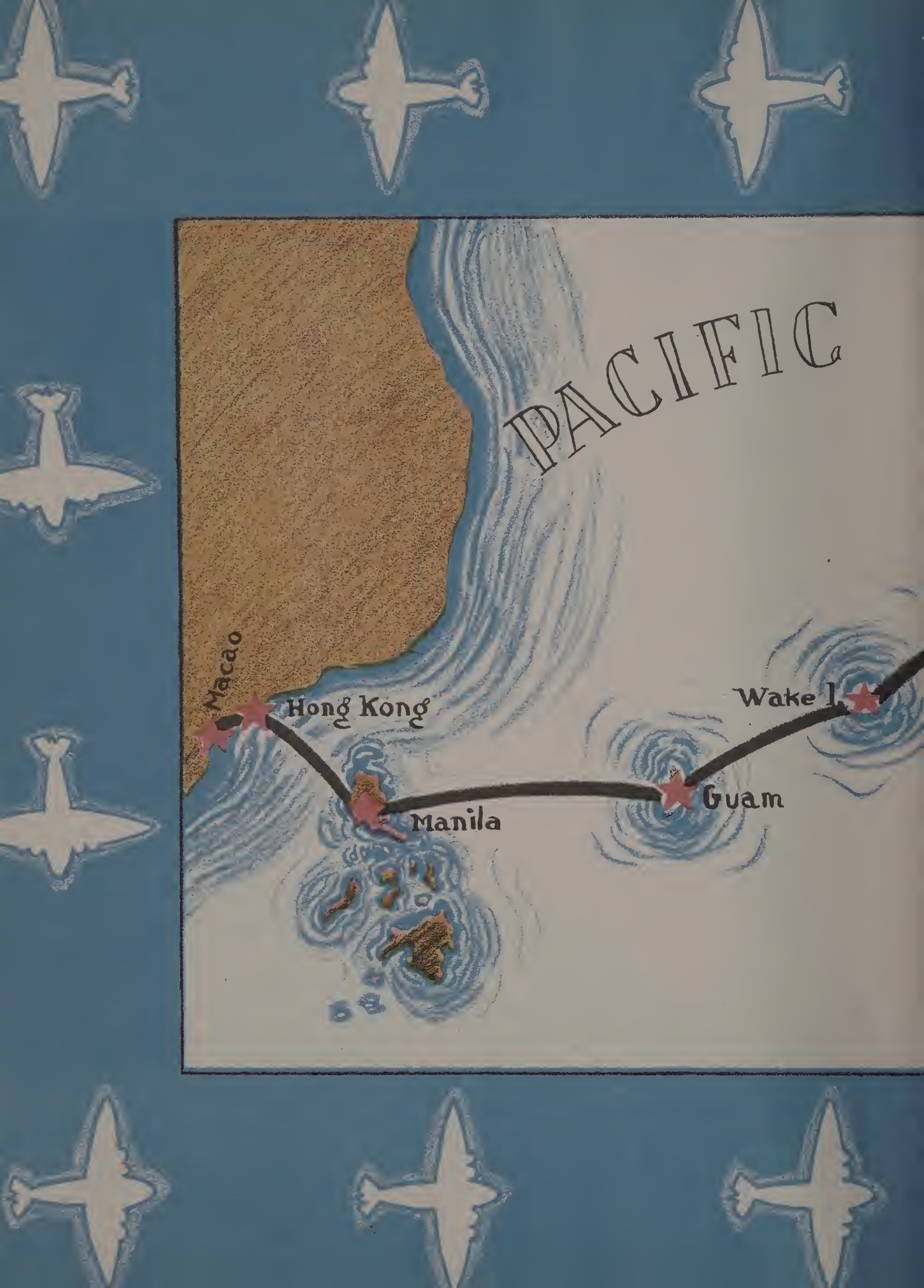
Macao

Hong Kong

Wake I.

Manila

Guam



OCEAN

Midway

Honolulu

San Francisco

ROUTE OF  
FLYING CLIPPER SHIPS  
TO CHINA

LINE

DATE

INTERNATIONAL



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



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